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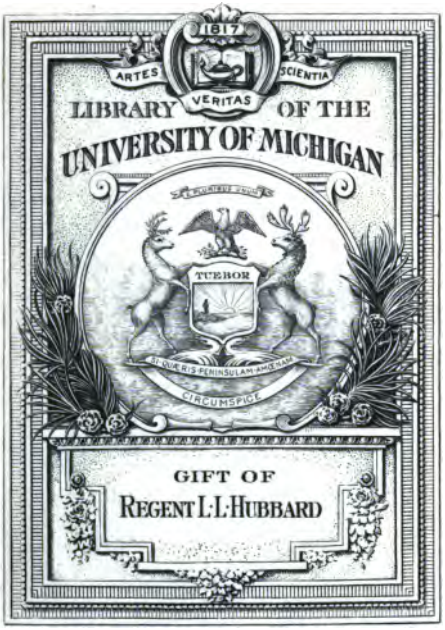
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A RUN

THROUGH THE

UNITED STATES,

DURING THE AUTUMN OF 1840.

LIEUT.-COL. A. M. MAXWELL, K.H.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1841.

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TO HIS EXCELLENCY

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN HARVEY,

K.C.B. K.C.H. &c. &c.

My dear General,

Emboldened by your kind letter, in which you say, "That as we have stood by "each other in a moment of strife and of "difficulty, if not of actual war, you are "again ready to associate your name with "mine in the more enviable object of cre- "ating friendly feelings between kindred "nations," I gladly avail myself of the opportunity of dedicating the following pages to you; and as I attribute, in some degree, the friendly reception I met with throughout

the United States to my having been placed by your Excellency in a responsible situation at a moment of considerable difficulty to both countries, it is a matter of great satisfaction to me to be enabled to bring forward my remarks upon America under the sanction of a name so highly respected as yours is throughout the Union.

I have the honour to be,
My dear General,
Your most obedient and faithful Servant,
A. M. MAXWELL,
Lt.-Col. 36*th Regt.*

Regent L.L. Hubbard
Gift
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2v

PREFACE.

THERE are very few books presented to the Public which do not need some apology from their Authors, and I frankly admit that mine is not one of them.

My ramble in the United States was made at railroad speed, during a short relaxation from military duty; and afforded me little opportunity of deeply and accurately investigating the character of the people. But, among many things which surprised and pleased me, there was none which made a more favourable impression upon my mind than the strong feeling of attachment and respect towards the mother country, which I perceived to exist in America; and this not in one place, and in one particular society, but in every city which I visited, and in every circle to which I was admitted.

In the following Letters, hastily and carelessly written, and in a great measure occupied by the

trivial subjects of an every-day tour over a beaten track, there will, I conceive, be found ample evidence that these sentiments exist: and it is the hope, perhaps arrogantly and unwisely taken up, that these pages may tend to augment the reciprocity of good feeling between the two countries, which has been my chief inducement to publish them. It will, I trust, be also received as my excuse for their manifold imperfections.

By the kindness of His Excellency Sir John Harvey, then the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, I was furnished with a letter of introduction to one of the most eminent and influential individuals in the Union—General Scott, whose command extended throughout the whole of the eastern division of the United States, and embraced a vast extent of frontier.

To the kindness of this gallant soldier and most accomplished gentleman, and to the numerous letters of introduction which he gave me, I feel that I am indebted for the marked attentions which I received from many of his most distinguished countrymen; and the circumstance of my having, under the orders of Sir John Harvey,

commanded on the disputed frontier during a period of considerable excitement, and having been so fortunate as to prevent any hostile collision between the two nations, was probably also in my favour.* But the opinion which I have

* The British Colonial Governments of Lower Canada and New Brunswick had heretofore maintained some degree of possession and jurisdiction over the disputed country. But, in the beginning of the year 1838, the Mainites, either desirous of new settlements, or from a scarcity of timber nearer home, actually proceeded, with a Colonel M'Intire at their head, who was the accredited Land Agent of the State of Maine, to survey, and make allotments, and cut timber. Some of the New Brunswick *Lumberers*, as they are called, had also gone out into the disputed country to help themselves to whatever trees they thought fit to take; but under very different circumstances, as the latter were interdicted from so doing by the laws of the colony and the proclamation of its Governor.

Angry feelings arose, and the parties came into collision. The New Brunswickers broke open a store where government arms were kept; armed themselves, and made prisoners the American Land Agent, and others of the party, and brought them to Fredericton. The Mainites made reprisals; and Colonel Maclauchlan, who had been appointed by our Colonial Government as Warden over the disputed territory, was in turn seized, and marched prisoner to Bangor.

Previous to this, the Congress of Maine had held secret

formed of the American character has not, unless I greatly deceive myself, been biassed by the personal civilities which I received at their hands. It has resulted from numberless circumstances, not in the remotest degree connected with myself individually.

It is a matter of first-rate importance that two

sittings, money had been voted, a large militia force embodied, and military posts established high up the Aristook River, with intent to cut off our communication with Canada, and also close to our line on the St. John's; and at the mouth of the former river Fort Fairfield was erected. The Federal Government had also voted a large sum in support of the State of Maine.

This was the state of affairs when, about the middle of February, 1839, I was suddenly ordered by His Excellency Sir John Harvey, then Lieut.-Governor of New Brunswick, to take command on the disputed frontier; with power to call out an additional militia force, to put the frontier in a state of defence, and at the same time to keep open our communications with Lower Canada: but to avoid, if possible, hostile collision.

Acting under these orders, I immediately proceeded northward, accompanied by the Solicitor-general of the Province as my legal adviser, with the intention of occupying the Madawaska Settlements; but the alarm was so great at Woodstock, opposite to which town the Americans were concentrating their forces, that it became

of the greatest nations on the globe, springing from one common stem, speaking the same language, and united by the same faith, should lay aside all remnants of hostile feelings, natural in their origin, but which have been far too long retained; and, by a warm and generous union, augment the strength and the resources of both.

necessary for me to make my head-quarters there. The service on which I was employed was one of great difficulty and anxiety; and it was a considerable time before the angry feelings on both sides could be removed. That my efforts on this occasion were so far successful, as not only to be favourably mentioned in the general orders of the Commander-in-chief, Sir John Harvey, but to obtain for me a vote of thanks from the House of Assembly of the Province, and a most kind address from the magistrates and inhabitants of Fredericton, will ever be a source of deep gratification to me.

It may be almost superfluous to state, that the Border difficulties had their origin as far back as the Treaty of 1783. By that treaty it would appear that the intended boundary was to be a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix to the north-west angle of Nova Scotia. But the river St. Croix has *two* branches,—a western and a northern; and the north-west angle of Nova Scotia remains as yet undetermined; and hence has arisen the principal difficulties in this long-protracted question.

An intimate knowledge of each other is, I conceive, all that is requisite to produce this happy — this most important result; and my earnest advice, to all those of my countrymen who have the leisure and the means, is to *go and judge for themselves*. I have no doubt of what must be the result.

London, August 1841.

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THE

UNITED STATES.

LETTER I.

The Writer claims Admission into the somewhat long List of American Explorers—His previous Journeyings—The Companions of his Tour—Voyage from New Brunswick to Boston—Terrors occasioned by a Volume of Poems—Arrival at BOSTON—Meeting with Friends and Acquaintances—Mr. Grattan—Statistics—Heat—Mint Julep and Sherry Coblers—Their Merits and Manufacture—Admission to the Ladies' Dinner Apartment—Bunker's Hill—Robert Burns—Environs of Boston—Multiplicity of Travellers.

Boston, Capital of Massachusetts,
22d August, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

Many years ago I made you a solemn promise, over a bottle of most excellent Château Margaux at ——, that if ever I

visited the United States, I would send you a full, true, and particular account of all I saw in this most wonderful of countries, all I heard, and all I felt. You may have forgotten this: but I am resolved that you shall soon have good cause to remember it; for, lo and behold! here I am in America; and, what is more, here I am sitting down to indite to you a series of letters as numerous as the days of my ramble: for as the good old knight

> "Summ'd the actions of the day
> Each night before he slept,"

so am I resolved not only to sum up but to set down all my adventures, discoveries, speculations, and opinions, and to ship them off to you without remorse or intermission —*nec mora nec requies.* You cannot refuse to receive them; and you are too far off to hope to stop the flood-tide of correspondence, which will break in upon you so unexpectedly.

Although to-day, for the first time in my life, I have set my foot upon Yankee ground, my position in New Brunswick has lately made me acquainted with many things connected with the United States, of which I was previously ignorant; and has changed my opinions on a still greater number, on which, in common with the great mass of my countrymen, I had formed very erroneous impressions.

You are doomed, therefore, my dear friend, to become the repository of a most heterogeneous mass of transatlantic lucubrations; for I am resolved to be very political, very statistical, very philosophical, and very everything-else-ical.

Methinks I hear you exclaim, "This will never do, Master Archibald! You are all very well in your own line. Stick to military matters, my good fellow, and I will attend to you; but *ne sutor ultra crepidam.* What right have you, a mere soldier,

whose sphere of knowledge must be confined to a camp or a garrison, to discuss loftier topics—men, manners, nations?"

Now to this I answer, that I have the best possible right, the right founded on about as extensive a range over the different parts of this globe of ours as most men can boast of. Have we not, since the time that our acquaintance first began by the cheerful blaze of a midnight bivouac in Spain—an hour which I account one of the most fortunate in my life—have we not visited France, Italy, and Germany together?

Have we not run over the ruins of Rome—pranced in the Prater at Vienna—hunted in Hungary—feasted at Florence—imbibed the pure liquid at Carlsbad and Langen Swalbach—bathed at Lucca, Wisbaden, and Aix-la-Chapelle? Have we not promenaded the streets of Palermo—lived at Malta—masqueraded at Milan and Venice—ascended Etna and Vesuvius—been at Genoa

and Leghorn? ay, and Elba too, when it was the resting-place of Napoleon the Great; and where that ambitious and unsettled spirit remained just as long as it might be expected he would do in a place of exile so absurdly chosen?

Have you forgotten on what gallant horses Murat mounted us at Naples—our visit to that fair Princess, into whose presence we were ushered by *il bel* Bergami; whom, by the bye, I always considered a vulgar coal-heaver-looking fellow, with knocked-knees and red hair: *mais, chaqu'un à son goût* —our standing together on the Bridge of Sighs, and striving to feel poetical in spite of a blazing mid-day sun—and then our embarkation for Trieste in the first steamer we had ever beheld; and the greatness of our surprise at being put ashore precisely at the hour named, in despite of a furious *Borer* that was blowing right in our teeth as we paddled up the Adriatic's gulf?

Then followed the hospitable reception we met with at Trieste—our gaieties at Laybach—our adventures at Gratz—and my travelling under the honourable surveillance of the police to Vienna, in consequence of my having talked too loudly at a *table d'hôte* of my visit to Napoleon, and my rencontre with Maria Louisa at Parma.

You abandoned me at Vienna, where I went to spend a week and stayed a year. Since that time I have visited various other parts of the old world, and, consequently, as a cosmopolite, consider myself authorised to give my opinion of the *new;* which I mean to do in the most point-blank manner. And if I am somewhat too egotistical, you must pardon me; for I propose to describe to you what I hear, see, think, and do: and bear this in mind, that I have never read any account of America, save and except the "Life of Columbus" and Robertson's "History:" therefore, if my opinions differ

from the accounts given by former travellers, it is only a proof of the rapid changes which are going on in this hard-working, "go-a-head," improving, and extraordinary nation.

Captain M—— I have not the pleasure of knowing: many years ago, and before she turned authoress, I had the honour of spending a week in the same house with Mrs. T——: and Captain H—— I know, as having accompanied a gallant relative of mine to China, and greatly respect him. Various other productions from the pens of these talented persons I have perused with delight; but their remarks on the Americans have never come under my observation; and, ever since I formed the project of judging for myself, I have studiously avoided them.

Since you and I last met, I have been once quartered in the Mediterranean, and twice in the West Indies; where I saw a

hurricane, and had the yellow fever. About two years ago I was transplanted from the torrid to the frigid zone—leaving Barbadoes in the middle of November, with the thermometer at 85°; and landing at Halifax the latter end of December, with the thermometer at 20° below zero. Thence I was hurried to New Brunswick, where I got into the very thickest of the frontier feud; and now behold me set out on my American voyage of discovery!

Moreover, I am travelling with a great Temperance chief. For let me advise you, as the mercantile man says, that after taking leave of my regiment at Fredericton (and a jovial leave-taking it was), I steamed it to Saint John's, on the magnificent river of that name; and there foregathered with two agreeable and accomplished friends and fellow-soldiers—one of them the said Temperance chief—who are to be my companions in my journey through the United

States: and after another leave-taking with our gallant friends of the —11—, whose feelings and facings are as friendly and familiar to me as those of my own dear boys, we embarked for Boston on the 20th of August, in a large steamer crammed with a most heterogeneous mass of passengers.

The weather was splendid, and we passed Partridge Island, Mahogany Island, and a vast variety of islands as well as of rivers; amongst others the Magaguadavic, now likely to figure in the Boundary line; reached the grand Manan and Campobello, and entered the bay of Passamaquoddy on a charming evening and amidst enchanting scenery.

Indian encampments were seen on the different promontories, to which we passed so close that we had an opportunity of observing the various costumes of the wild wanderers of the West; whilst others of their community were paddling canoes in

all directions around us, and numberless fishing boats were seen in the distance.

The course of the Scoudiac (which is, I believe, the real St. Croix) was pointed out to me, and the town of Saint Andrew's, situated about sixteen miles up this very large river. The anchorage, when you enter the bay, is excellent, both at Harbour de Lute on the Campobello side, as well as at Mouse Island; where is built the pretty Dutch-looking town of Eastport, which I perambulated during the short time the steamer halted, meeting several American middies with unsailor-looking but extremely dandified and comfortable togas.

An American squadron, commanded by Commodore Shubrich, being in the roads, consisting of the Macedonian and two sloops, the Erie and Levant, the New Brunswick passengers—a fine, hardy, loyal, and mother-country loving race—did not fail to

let me perceive that they knew their old frigate, and that the sight of Yankee colours on board her was not particularly gratifying to them.

There is at Eastport a piece of ground well adapted for a citadel: fortifications have been marked out upon it, and some guns mounted, with a barrack, &c. The plan was formed, and the works commenced, when in our possession in 1814; at which time, I am strongly inclined to think, the Boundary question might have been brought to a final and favourable issue.

We embarked some passengers at Eastport, amongst others the English Consul at Portland; who said he knew me by repute, my name having been often mentioned in his public despatches during the said Boundary blow-up. He introduced me to an intelligent American friend, with his beautiful young wife, who had visited Italy; and who agreed with me that Passama-

quoddy Bay, which we were now quickly leaving under the influence of a splendid sun-set, with Eastport and Lubeck in the distance, was not unworthy to be compared to the far-famed Bay of Naples! I must here observe, that the moment I was known to be a British officer, I was treated by the numerous Americans on board with the greatest respect.

Amongst our American passengers was a fair Philadelphian adventuress, beating up for recruits, in the shape of subscribers to a poetical work, composed or composing by a bed-ridden husband. This fair and clever dame I had seen at Fredericton; his Excellency the Governor, to whom she was recommended, having introduced her to me. I subscribed to her work then, which was only in embryo, I believe; although prompt payment was the order of the day. I endeavoured all I could to awaken the sympathies of my fellow-travellers, but in vain.

They avoided the poor lady as carefully as if she had been infected with the plague instead of poetry. I believe, however, she has made a very successful tour; and has, to speak idiomatically, "pretty considerably done" the Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers. I have never regretted the six dollars which this fascinating agent for the Muses extracted from me, as she was the means of my becoming acquainted with a most talented and agreeable literary man at New York, to whom she gave me a letter of introduction.

Yesterday we were at sea off Desart Island, with the mountains in the distance. This iron-bound coast seems well provided with lighthouses. As we steamed by I saw the mouth of the Ponobscot, which the ancient sticklers for England's rights term the commencement of the real boundary line.

This morning, soon after daylight, we neared the harbour and port of Boston, be-

studded with a hundred islands and receiving many waters. We passed Fort Warren and Fort Independence, which guard the entrance and separate the outer from the inner harbour. Close to the wharf was lying one of the great connecting links between the old and new worlds—the Acadia, commonly called "a part of Cunard's Steam Bridge;" also the American line-of-battle ship the Columbia, and my old friend the little Grampus, with whose captain and officers I had become acquainted in New Brunswick.

The Custom-house visit was a short and civil one. We selected one of the numerous carriages which were in waiting; our trunks were quietly and quickly fixed on it, without pulling, hauling, or vociferation; and we were driven to the Tremont House—a splendid establishment. Let any one who has steamed from Rotterdam or Amsterdam, or any other *dam*, and landed

at the Tower Stairs amidst a lot of d—ns, come here and judge of the difference.

Boston is the great commercial emporium of the New England States. Our forefathers, when they came to this place some centuries ago, bestowed on it the name of Tremont, from the three hills on which it stands; on one of which is built the magnificent hotel, from which I am writing this epistle. But as my business is more with men and manners than with towns and townships, I shall not stop to count the number of the streets and lanes, nor to describe the beauty of the public buildings, nor the numerous villages that surround and almost form a part of Boston: neither will I venture a description of the various rivers that empty themselves into its port, with the endless variety of inlets, coves, noble bridges, and causeways, but proceed at once to narrate my adventures.

Well—and here be it known to you

that *well* is a great and never-to-be-neglected American word.

"Chi ben commencia fa la meta del' opera!"

As luck would have it, before I had been many minutes landed in this strange land, I fell in with my old friend Sir John C——l, and was immediately ushered by him into the presence of Her Britannic Majesty's Consul, Mr. Grattan, whose acquaintance I had made some years before at Brussels, and who struck me, for I had just then been studying phrenology, as having a highly intellectual head.

He told us, amongst other things, that the city itself contained between 80,000 and 90,000 persons, and that, including the environs, the aggregate might be about 120,000, and that he knew for a fact 25,000 of these were Irish. He was vastly agreeable, and invited us to Nahant, about ten miles distant, where his family then were,

to avoid the excessive heat of Boston, which is indeed intolerable, and greater than I ever experienced in the West Indies. I have already been trying to cool myself by sucking mint juleps, and swallowing sherry coblers.

I think I hear you exclaim, "Mint juleps and sherry coblers! what the deuce are they?" I will not be severe and say, with Milton,

"Not to know these argues yourself unknown!"

but will graciously dispel your ignorance on a very important subject. Be it known to you, then, that mint julep,—one of the best gifts of Providence in such a hothouse climate as this,—is a preparation consisting of sundry layers of mint leaves, placed among chipped ice, as pure and brilliant as crystal, and sprinkled over with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, with a *legère soupçon* of brandy—the smallest possible glassful—to crown the whole.

The gradual extraction of this compound, as it becomes fluid, through the medium of a quill or a macaroni pipe, is, I can assure you, a most refreshing and harmless recreation, when the thermometer ranges between 80° and 100°.

The only thing to be feared is, lest the *suspicion* of the brandy should by degrees become a certainty: if you doubt your powers of self-control on this point, sherry coblers must be your resource. They are similar in their fabrication, but with two glasses of very old sherry substituted for the more dangerous alcohol. *Crede experto!* You have occasionally dogdays in England.

To-day I dined in the ladies' apartment; somewhat too much at railroad speed: but every thing was good, well-conducted, and agreeable. After this rapid repast I drove to Bunker's Hill, which I viewed with particular interest, from having heard that my father was wounded there.

This battle, which had considerable influence on the future fate of America, was fought on the 17th of June, 1775. The works on and around the spot where the monument now stands were, I believe, thrown up in one night by the Provincials. When this was known by General Gage, who commanded at Boston, he sent the 5th, 38th, 43d, and 52d Regiments, under Generals Howe and Pigott, to dislodge them. These troops were afterwards reinforced by some companies of Grenadiers and Light Infantry, as well as by the 47th Regiment. A Doctor Warren, who was killed, commanded the Provincials, and is said to have been a man of great talent and courage.

This was a hard-fought action, and much bravery and daring displayed on both sides; and although the Americans lost their artillery, and were driven from their temporary works at Charlestown, which was

burnt, they contrived soon after to hem in the king's forces by throwing up works at the other end of the neck of land, which is only separated from Boston by the Charlestown river, and thus completely cooped up "His Majesty King George's troops, God bless him!" which caused Robert Burns to sing,

> "Poor Tammy Gage within a cage
> Was kept at Boston, ha' man!"

From Bunker's Hill my two military friends and myself drove to Chelsea,—got a view of Brooklyne, Brighton, Cambridge, and Charlestown, crossing by a fine bridge the river of that name; and, returning by East Boston, were conveyed across the harbour on a steam pontoon.

The entire drive, with the exception of the three hills on which Boston stands, reminded me of a country, like Holland, snatched from the sea. Still it is very beautiful, with every thing breathing bustle

and activity in this restless, ambitious, fine, flourishing, "go-a-head" country; for as I sat in the carriage during the time we were crossing the port, two fine steamers were starting, the one for Portland, the other for Nahant; and a long train was at the same instant setting off on the Eastern Railroad. The thermometer was at 95°, and I got back dead beat.

I am, &c.

LETTER II.

Separate *Feeding* Establishments of the Ladies and Gentlemen in America — General Miller — Trinity Church — Dr. Wainwright — Heat — Exertions of the Ladies to keep down the Temperature — The Fair Sex seen to great advantage on a Sunday — Religious Zeal at Boston.

Tremont House, Boston, Sunday, August 23d, 1840.

My dear S——,

At Boston every one breakfasts and dines in public: there are two distinct tables, and at different hours—one for the gentlemen and another for the ladies: the one coveted is, of course, the ladies' table; and to this their husbands, relatives, and particular friends are only admitted. We fortunately had procured the *entrée*, by having landed and come to the hotel in company with a very agreeable family from

New Brunswick, who were, like ourselves, travellers.

Soon after breakfast General Miller, the Peruvian hero, to whom our party had been introduced yesterday, called upon us, and kindly proposed to take us to Nahant, where the Bostonians at this season congregate of a Sunday to cool themselves. Major B—— accepted the offer, but Captain O—— and myself proceeded to Trinity Church, in hopes of hearing the celebrated Dr. Channing. The sermon was one of the most powerful and orthodox I have ever heard; but on inquiring who the very eloquent preacher was, we found that it was not Channing, but a Dr. Wainwright from New York.

The heat during the service was intense, although somewhat mitigated by the circulation of air caused by the never-ceasing motion of the flappers, *id est*, the fans, of the fair ladies; who handled their weapons

as adroitly as I have seen the Spanish dames do at a bull-fight.

Should you wish to contemplate to advantage the *beau sexe* of America, take your stand, on the Sabbath day, at one of the great cross streets of this town, and you will behold crowds of well-dressed women proceeding in four different directions, all bending their steps to some house of worship. Their present fashion does not do justice to their figures; but they have interesting features, fine and fair complexions, and walk well.

There seems no lack of churches nor of persuasions, and church-going appears to be the rage. To suit the hours of afternoon service we were forced to dine at one P.M. —an hour earlier than usual, as no dinner could be procured later on this well-kept day.

I have much valuable information to give you on the subject of American mastication;

but I shall reserve it until my thoughts are better *digested.* I am doing duty as Mons. Chabert, the fire-king,—Boston being a perfect oven. I find my pastime and resource in mint julep, imbibed by a macaroni-tube on one side my mouth, whilst I inhale delicious smoke from a real Havannah stuck in the other. My talented friend the Captain has already caricatured me in this happy attitude, making the most of transatlantic pleasures.

I am, &c.

LETTER III.

Massachusetts Hospital—Lunatic Asylum—Mode of Treatment — Doctor Bell — General Miller — Old Days at Woolwich — Visit to the Playhouse — Power and Dennis.

Tremont House, Boston,
August 24, 1840.

My dear S——,

Again our kind friend General Miller came to us, bringing with him a Mr. Emery, a trustee of the Massachusetts General Hospital; into whose carriage we all got, and were first carried to inspect the lunatic part of the establishment. This asylum is called M'Clean's, and is clean, airy, and admirably arranged. There seems to be little or no restraint, which, in my mind, is a principal secret in governing the human race. I have ever discovered, in my small way, that kindness is better than coercion;

that mankind are all more or less mad, and require, occasionally, to be humoured and coaxed.

Two of the patients appeared to me to be very sensible fellows; one of them was playing the fiddle very gaily, whilst the other was dancing to it with all his heart and soul.

The same free and unrestrained system was adopted in the female apartments, which we also visited; and conversed with some old and young dames; the former apparently very sensible, the latter very pretty.

Doctor Bell, an extremely clever man, attended us round this part of the establishment, and gave us some most pleasing and satisfactory information. He has a great turn for the developement of skulls, and had a fine opportunity of expounding to us his doctrines in the vast variety of living subjects by which he was surrounded.

We next drove to the General Hospital, where a Captain Sumner was most attentive to us, and where the numerous patients appear to be attended to with great kindness, and to be in possession of every possible comfort.

Not being a great sight seeker, I came home tired and hot; cooled myself with soda mead; and made my toilette: but got late to the *table d'hôte*,— a serious misfortune where the whole affair is a scramble. I placed myself alongside our kind cicerone, the gainer of the battle of Ayacuha, and a field-marshal in the Peruvian service, in which he was often and severely wounded; and on comparing notes, we soon found we had both sprung from the same military stem.

We laughed together over the recollections of old times. "Milk without water! Royal Artillery! None of the dashings of the pump for that noble corps!" How well I

remember the old woman who used to scream out this compliment every morning as she strutted up the Woolwich parade!

I was induced this evening to accompany our St. John's friends to the theatre, to see "John Bull" and "the Irish Lion." On entering the box, seating myself, and looking around, I found I had placed myself next an old brother-soldier, Major D. of the Royal Horse Artillery, who had taken a run across by the Cunard connecting line, which now draws so near to each other the old world and the new.

I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed to acknowledge that I was somewhat disappointed with the great Mr. Power; and I wondered at the Americans, with their boasted delicacy and extreme moral refinement, tolerating the representation of "John Bull:" for, with all its merit and all its sentiment, it is but a vulgar play; and Tom Shuffleton's giving an old sinner's address to a

young and innocent girl, is enough to d—n it. Dennis was good; but his appearing, as it were, drunk and sober almost at the same instant, was preposterous.

The "Irish Lion" is perfectly ridiculous, and I wonder that Mr. Power condescends to perform in it. The hat off (an old white castor) and the heel up, I thought the best part of it: his knocking other people's hats off from his shop-board, and his knocking his customers down, is rather out of order in a tailor. He certainly brought to my mind the great Tommy M——e, as I recollect him many years ago at Florence, when I looked upon him as a tremendous lion.

The Bostonians were in great good humour, and all the actors and actresses appeared to give unbounded satisfaction to a very crowded house; and a most absurd Yankee song, ridiculing themselves, was encored.

On our return we were almost carried off our legs by the tremendous rush made to the bar of the Tremont House. My party adjourned to the supper-table — a very business-like operation in this country — and I stole to my chamber to indite this epistle.

Adieu.

LETTER IV.

Dock-yard—Ships of War—Receiving Ship—Acadia Steam-ship—Visit to a Banker's Cottage—Politics—After-dinner Philanthropy—Advice and Loans—A Combination of the Two very desirable—One good Letter of Introduction sufficient in America.

Tremont House, Boston,
August 25, 1840.

My dear S——,

This morning Captain Payne, of the American navy, whom my two friends and myself had previously known at St. John's, came by appointment to take us to the dock-yard. He first led us through the rope-walk, which is long enough for a horse to gallop in; and afterwards shewed us the process of manufacturing the hemp, from its first crude state to a cable of seven inches diameter.

Thence we proceeded to visit two noble ships of the line, the Alabama and Vermont, both shut up in their waterproof preservers; as also the Concord and Columbia, and the Constellation frigate, fitting for China. Afterwards we went on board the Columbus, of eighty guns, a receiving ship, and were presented to the captain and officers, who took us through every part of this noble vessel. What breadth of beam! what fine high 'tween decks! the orlop one I could have danced in! the sick bay and boys' school admirable! Captain and Mrs. Storer were amiable, quiet, well-bred people: the former a rigid disciplinarian, although with a mild eye and a meek brow—not an unusual thing, as every military man knows. After resting for some time in a well-arranged cabin, and being regaled with a glass of cool champagne, we took our leave, highly delighted with our visit.

After another hurried repast, we went with

a large party of ladies and gentlemen, in various carriages which were provided for us, to view the Acadia steam-ship. As soon as we stepped on board this splendid traverser of the Atlantic, this defier of winds and waves, which was crowded with visitors, we were ushered down below, where we found her commander distributing brimmers of champagne to the admiring groups. To my great satisfaction I beheld the merry face of Mr. Grattan — got four glasses of the sparkling liquor, and expected speechifying; but the consul's disappearance put an end to that. We now viewed the saloon and sleeping berths, and were then taken to the hold of the vessel, to have her powerful and beautiful machinery explained to us by her intelligent and apparently scientific captain.

I was introduced to several American officers, and received a pressing invitation from a very gentlemanly person to meet Captain Millar and the British consul. This

fascinating personage I found was the landlord of a renowned inn, ycleped the *Mavarick House*, a Major B——.

I now was carried off, *bon gré, malgré*, by Mr. F——, a great Bostonian banker, to his cottage residence; where I had a second, I should rather say a third, ordeal of champagne to undergo—with a bottle of most excellent château margaux added to it. The only penalty I paid—and I paid it willingly—was to listen to the politics of the day: the great chance General Harrison had of being elected; with the certainty that the mercantile interests of the country would be ruined, if the Van Buren party continued to hold power.

Our host got somewhat elevated, and on our return home touched a tender chord: one of the party being an amiable, kind-hearted person, who had left New Brunswick in consequence of misfortunes, and whom I had known in better days, the worthy

banker was just in that state which inclines a man to sympathy, and he began to condole and counsel his poor friend: which led to an affecting scene.

My plan, when a youngster, was never to allow any one to give me advice who would not lend me money; and I have no doubt the kind-hearted Bostonian was inclined to make this double expenditure. I know, at least, that he has given *me* the cash I needed, on the faith of my being a British officer: for I am not provided with letters of credit for any part of the Union, having come unknowing and unknown, save and except one single letter of introduction, which Sir John Harvey has given me to his esteemed friend General Scott, and which he assures me will be a passport every where.

Adieu for the present.

LETTER V.

Commencement-day at Cambridge University—Breakfast at the Hotel — Importance of a Fair Start — Military Procession — Academical Examination — Doctor Wainwright — Mount Auburn —Washington's Head-quarters — Judge Story — Good feeling towards England—Boundary Question—Fête Champêtre—American Ladies—General Dearborne.

Tremont House, Boston,
August 26, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Here I am again burning the midnight taper to enlighten you. This has been "Commencement-day" at the University of Cambridge; and I yesterday received a card of invitation couched in the following terms:

THE PRESIDENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY,
IN BEHALF OF THE CORPORATION,
REQUESTS THE FAVOUR OF THE COMPANY OF
COLONEL MAXWELL
AT THE EXHIBITION, AND AT DINNER IN THE
HALL ON COMMENCEMENT DAY.
Cambridge, August 25, 1840.

Grown wise by experience, I took care this morning to get down in good time for the gentlemen's breakfast, which presented a well-filled table, surrounded by guests who, in spite of the previous evening's dissipation, were in excellent trim to enjoy the good cheer laid before them, and which I must enumerate when I have more leisure. No dyspeptic patients seemed to be present; although the established system, of first bolting your food and then bolting off, must, one would think, produce the disease eventually.

The excellent comestibles disappeared in an inconceivably short space of time, as did the consumers of them; and I was left "alone in my glory" until aroused by the sounds of music; and, on going to the window, I saw the procession, which I was soon to join, pass by, escorted by well-appointed and well-mounted cavaliers bestriding gallant greys! These were a troop of Boston-

ian Lancers, and could bear a comparison with the best Polish ones I ever saw.

This military force was to escort the Governor of Massachusetts, his excellency Marcus Morton; to whom, at a later period of the day, I was presented, and opposite to whom I was placed at dinner: he had no outward decorations by which the governors of most other countries are distinguished, but he had the manly and commanding bearing of a person who knew his position.

The President of the College of Harvard, "Honorandus Josias Quincy, Armiger, LL.D.," as he was styled, rode in a pre-eminent position. Throughout the examination of the students in elocution, and of the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, he displayed great talent and urbanity; and I was charmed with his engaging manners and agreeable conversation, not only in the Hall but at the festive board, and afterwards in his own mansion, where his lady

held a levée, at which was assembled all the beauty and fashion of Boston.

But as this was my first introduction to the *élite* of this capital, it may be as well to go regularly to work, and describe every thing exactly as it took place on this very interesting day.

Well, I guess, myself and friends got into a jarvey and were driven to Cambridge. We arrived at the Hall just as the procession was entering it. By some mismanagement we did not get good places at first; and crowds of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen filled all the vacant space not occupied by the exhibitors. I was soon, however, invited into a pew; and, at a later period of the day, we had places assigned us on the platform, where sat the judges and examiners.

I was much pleased with the appearance of the juvenile orators, and with the manner in which they handled the subjects allotted to them. In their declamations I did not

discover a vulgarism, and rarely a provincialism; the English language seemed to be pronounced with great purity; and during the various addresses, admiration, honour, and reverence were continually shewn to our best and most classic authors.

Having had enough of this, we retired to breathe the fresh air; and, whilst standing at the chapel-door, I was accosted by a gentleman, who flattered me by saying my name was well known to him, and very obligingly offered me his assistance. I at once recognised the open, kind, intellectual features of the clergyman I had listened to with so much pleasure and profit on the previous Sunday.

I explained to Doctor Wainwright that myself and friends, both of whom had left me in search of our vehicle, were contemplating a visit to Mount Auburn, the Père la Chaise of Boston. As the scholastic business would occupy a long time, he kindly

volunteered to accompany us; and he also introduced us to a friend of his, a Mr. P—n, whose carriage was in waiting, and who, half way, gave us a hearty lunch and a hearty welcome at his very elegant residence.

We had the beauties of the last resting-place here below pointed out to us, and were shewn the tombs of the most interesting of its tenants, of whom I observed Spurzheim was one. The sacred enclosure of Mount Auburn seems well selected and tastefully ornamented, and the Charlestown river winds slowly along at its base.

Our attention was also called to the house which was the head-quarters of the immortal Washington during the revolutionary war. I viewed it with almost as much interest as I had done that of Napoleon at Point Brique, near Boulogne.

We returned before the examinations were concluded. I was taken to the platform and presented to the President, and also to the

talented and celebrated Judge Story, who gave me a pressing invitation to dine with him on the morrow, at the same time handing me a ticket of admission.

The degrees conferred and the ceremonies concluded, I joined the procession and marched with my new friend Dr. Wainwright, who presented me to several other persons, and took my place (Major B—— and Captain O—— going to another part of the Hall) between Dr. Homer, the oldest of the *alumni* as he informed me, and a Mr. Armstrong, an ex-lieutenant-governor. Old Homer was excessively chatty and agreeable, and gave me much valuable information.

I had a long and interesting conversation with my new acquaintances opposite, President Quincy and Judge Story, and we agreed that we belonged to the same great national family, and were bound to consider ourselves near relations. The Boundary question was

brought forward, and they all seemed to be aware of the responsible part I had played in it. Other topics were introduced, all breathing respect, good feeling, and affection for our mutual fatherland.

A hymn was now sung by the whole party, each man having a copy placed before him; after which we started for a *fête champêtre* and ball, given by Mesdames Laurence and Shore; and I have seldom been present at a more elegant or delightful party. There was dancing in the house and on the lawn, where was a large tent containing every delicacy; whilst in the dining room a long table groaned under the weight of ices of all kinds, peaches, grapes, pine-apples, blanc-mange, jellies, &c. &c., iced champagne and hock, and half a hundred other choice and rare wines.

The ease, grace, and good feeling with which the two ladies did the honours, made every one feel quite at home. I was over-

powered with kind expressions from everybody, both male and female; and had to undergo the ordeal of being presented to every renowned man and beautiful woman, both at this party and at Mrs. Quincy's levée, to which we adjourned at a later hour.

Let me add, that the ladies of Boston rank high in beauty and intelligence among the *belles* of New England; indeed, I have not often met with more agreeable women, or any who better understood the art of never permitting the shuttlecock of conversation to fall to the ground.

Among the most agreeable male conversationalists—there's a long word for you—I found a Mr. G——, a nephew of Lord Lyndhurst (whom Judge Story claims as a Boston boy, and whose sister resides here constantly). A General Sumner talked to me enthusiastically about England; and General Dear-

borne was warm in his expression of good feeling towards us. He appears a most talented and well-informed person, with the frank and open bearing of a soldier. He touched on the Sympathizers and their despicable deeds, on our late border feuds, and on the friendship existing between General Scott and Sir John Harvey, with some well-timed praises of the latter.

I cannot recollect, nor, if I could, have I time or space to enumerate, one half of the persons I conversed with; but all, both male and female, I again repeat, seemed anxious to make out a pedigree connecting them with Old England, towards which they universally expressed the warmest regard and attachment: and I can truly say that, during the entire day, I have not encountered a single disagreeable or vulgar person.

This, you will tell me, is *couleur de rose* with a vengeance; but, as you know, I have

always professed to be a *walking alchymist*, endeavouring to extract pleasure wherever I went: of which, having received my full share for this day, I shall take my leave of you, hoping the morrow will be equally propitious to

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

A new Acquaintance from Calcutta—Second Day's Academical Transactions—The President of Bowden College, Mr. Lennard Woods—Oratory—Alston the Painter—Amateur Poet—Dinner at Harvard College—Toast giving and speechifying—Horrors of being called up before a Phalanx of Professors of Eloquence—Collegiate Song.

Tremont House, Boston,
August 27, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You shall have it all, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, tired and jaded though I be. *Well*—I am afraid the word is growing upon me—at breakfast this morning I met a dark-coloured gentleman, who, from his sitting a reasonable time at his repast, I guessed must be an Englishman; and accordingly I commenced a conversation with him. He had been three years in the States, had just

arrived at Boston, had sojourned long in England, but originally came from Calcutta. He was extremely well-informed, prepossessing in his manners, and gave me much information concerning the country I am about to visit.

Our chat ended, I got into a cabriolet, and was driven through a pretty country until I reached the cloistered walls of Cambridge, some of whose colleges are old and respectable: that of Harvard, which is the most ancient, having been founded by our progenitors in 1636; and this day was its anniversary.

I found my kind friend, Dr. Wainwright, and took my post by his side in the procession. I was the only undecorated person present: all the others, having graduated at this university, had pink and blue favours on their breasts.

The president for the day, Judge Joseph Story, a most talented, lively, and delightful

person, whose guest I was, placed me, as I mounted the platform, a little behind himself, and close to the orator who was about to hold forth, and whose theme was "the advantages of the union between religion and science;" a subject which he handled in the most powerful, splendid, and edifying manner. He was a fine, intelligent-looking man, with a dark countenance; his age about thirty; and by name Lennard Woods, president of Bowden College, state of Maine.

When he first came upon the stage and took his place at a little desk, on which was a glass of water, he appeared somewhat nervous; but when once he commenced, his eloquence continued to flow on like a beautiful, smooth, majestic river, and at times there were bursts of the most animated and powerful eloquence. The extent of his historical resources was truly wonderful, and beautifully were they displayed; and his severest anathemas were hurled at Lord

Bacon and his sceptical school, whilst he occasionally praised the *Friar;* and I'll frankly confess to you that I became acquainted with many historical facts connected with my own land, of which I had not before been aware.

During the whole course of this intellectual stream, not a word was misplaced, nor did a single false pronunciation grate on the ear of his delighted listeners, who from time to time covered him with showers of applause.

He commenced at twenty minutes past twelve, and ended at forty minutes past two; his oration, therefore, lasted exactly two hours and twenty minutes; for as a large hall clock was staring me in the face, I could not be mistaken: yet so just and well-proportioned was this magnificent harangue, that it appeared neither a bit too long nor a bit too short; and I feel convinced that the attention of the audience never flagged for

an instant. The reputation of Mr. Woods as an orator I have no doubt ranks high, for the parterre, as well as the galleries, was crowded with all the rank, beauty, and fashion of Boston.

On his ceasing to speak, a rush was made to shake hands with him; and I amongst the rest had a grasp at his paw, having been presented by Dr. Wainwright, who also introduced me to other celebrated men: among the rest to the American Lawrence, Alston, near to whom I was seated, and who I believe is acknowledged to be the best portrait painter of the day. He is bending towards "that bourn from whence no traveller returns."

Next came forward the poet and his poetry: he was an amateur, being, as I am told, a man of independent fortune; his name was G——; he has been a senator, but has now given himself entirely up to the Muses and to literature. His action and

voice were tolerable, but the matter I could not always catch; nor, indeed, was I much inclined to listen. Poetry appears to be as much a drug in this market, as I and many others know, to our cost, it is in the European one.

The *beau sexe* dropped off, at first by twos and threes, and at length rushed out in groups, long before the dulcet strains were concluded. They lasted a full hour, and the poet was evidently "rapt inspired," for he appeared never to observe the "beggarly account of empty boxes" around him.

This over, the procession was again mustered according to seniority, and I marched with the graduates of 1812.

We proceeded to the dinner-hall in Harvard College, where the society—*bon vivants* and sprightly spirits—annually assemble; and from whence, as our president let us know, dull and musty lore was banished for the day, and at the same time he called upon us all to furnish wit and merriment. His first

speech began *seriously* in Latin, and ended *good-humouredly* in English. It was very amusing, and enthusiastically received.

On our entering the hall, he mustered his forces. I was first called and placed on the right of the Governor of Massachusetts, the honourable Marcus Morton; a remarkably taciturn, but, I have no doubt, a talented man. What a contrast there was between him and the buoyant, brilliant, and entertaining Judge Story, on whose right the governor sat!

On the left of the chair sat the orator of the day, Mr. Woods of Maine, and innumerable were the *jeux de mot, jeux d'esprit,* epigrams, and puns, produced during the evening on that name. On his left sat the witty and talented Mr. Grattan; "*so, thinks I to myself thinks I,*" if any allusion is made by the New Englanders to the Old ones, I shall be out of the scrape of speechifying—the author of "Highways and Byeways" will extend the powerful and protecting

shield of his eloquence over me. So I sat at my ease, eating, drinking, and listening, with no misgivings of approaching molestation.

On my right sat a member of Congress, a Mr. King, who was clever and intelligent; and opposite to me Mr. Kent, the *ci-devant* Governor of Maine, and my good friend Dr. Wainwright.

The judge, who was "at all in the ring," and master of every subject, would not let religious matters rest undiscussed; and something having brought the subject on the tapis, he gave us an animated dissertation on it. I have always found religion a subject on which men rarely agree. The president's argument on this occasion was, that lawyers, not clergymen, should be the propounders of the Scriptures, and more especially of the laws of Moses: and here the learned judge had it all his own way, no one venturing to contradict him.

I can only compare this gifted and witty

man's talents to the proboscis of an elephant, with which he can pick up a leaf or tear down a tree; for whilst he pulled down some divines sitting near him, he picked up me—a humble, *unprepared*, and *unexpecting* leaf.

After this ecclesiastical excursion of fancy he rose, and with a talented preface gave "The Governor," who responded in a neat and appropriate manner. He was soon again on his legs, and his eye glanced more in my direction than was quite comfortable. His prefatory remarks were full of Burns' and Sir Walter Scott's poetry, and he went on to say that the New Englanders were originally from Scotland, and that they gloried in Scotchmen and Scotch authors, of whom he enumerated many, and talked with great energy of the respect felt in America for the mother country. To make a *long Story* short, he concluded by proposing my health and the Land o' Cakes; the band on the in-

stant striking up, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!"

There was no possibility of mistaking this; nevertheless, during the period the music was playing, I looked most piteously and imploringly towards Mr. Grattan, who smiled at my perplexity, but would afford me no relief.

When the band ceased, the president rose and said, "Gentlemen, Colonel Maxwell will respond." So up I got, with that delightful feeling of having something to undergo rather more disagreeable than being shot.

Mess-room speeches, "*proudest moment of my life*"—ball-room supper speeches, "*happiest hour of my existence*"—come as matters of course to all of us; but, my dear fellow, take my word for it, that speaking before an assembled university, confronted by two long black lines of learned dons, and amidst the very students of elocution whom I had

listened to yesterday, was a very different affair. However, despair made me valiant; and speaking, if it be not quite so pleasant as fox-hunting, is like it in one thing,—that when once you have fairly started, you soon leave your timidity behind you.

Off I set, and told them that my heart was full of gratitude for their kindness to me; that I felt the high honour which so learned and so talented an assembly had conferred upon me; and that, although history had told me that I was coming among kinsmen, I did not expect to have found those kinsmen so kind, so friendly, so hospitable. "We are all," I continued, "sprung from one parent stem, and belong to the great family who speak the same language and are animated by the same manly feeling of independence, the same unchangeable love of freedom. One brother succeeded, and remained at home; whilst the other came to the Far West, displaying courage and perseverance,

and has succeeded also: and I deduce from this fact, gentlemen, that I have now the honour of standing amongst my first cousins."

I had hit the right chord, and long, and loud, and reiterated were the applauses. And, by the bye, these applauses are very desirable things, in more ways than one: first, they give you confidence; and, next,—a monstrous good thing too—they give you time to think of something to say. I did not fail to avail myself of them, and, by the time the din was over, I had got ready a very pretty allusion to Wallace and freedom, and brought in the left wing of Bruce's army at Bannockburn, and my ancestor who commanded it, as nicely as possible. A man, if he does happen to have had any ancestors, has a right to talk of them after dinner, particularly if he has nothing else to say. Then I gave them a touch of American praise, and Washington; and who can be so dull as to

mention that name and not feel his heart glow with love and veneration? Oceans of applause followed this—good, hearty, long-enduring, and *time-affording* applause.

This added so much to my self-confidence that I thought I might venture to display a little modesty, as all *truly great* orators do on such occasions. I told them "that, as a military man, I could not but be aware of the danger of my present *position* — outflanked and surrounded, and hemmed in by all who were most eminent for eloquence, and learning, and talent: that, unluckily for me, I had not had the benefits of a college education, for I came into the world in stirring times, when my country was at war with more than one half of it; and I was pushed into the army long before I was of an age to be admitted into college: but now I could safely vaunt, although I had not taken my degree, that I had that day, and the day before, had the high honour of

being a *bencher* of the celebrated and ancient University of Harvard; and that I had heard that day one of the most powerful and splendid orators that had ever adorned this or any other university." (*Longer and louder cheers than ever.*)

Grown bold by my success, I had the temerity to attack the president himself on his new theory of Legal Divinity; and, after again repeating how deeply impressed I was with feelings of gratitude, esteem, and affection towards the kind friends around me; and how great was my admiration of all I had hitherto seen of their country; and that, becoming personally known to them, I considered a new era in my life,—I sat down amidst renewed expressions of good feeling.

"*Soft sawder*," you will say,—"somewhat *Sam Slickish* all this, Master Archibald!" I admit that it does sound so, my dear fellow; but believe me when I tell you, that I did not utter one single word of praise

which did not come warm and genuine from my heart. The New Englanders *are* fine fellows,—I think so, and I said so. Those I addressed were convinced of this, I am sure, from their cordial reception of what I said; and Dr. Wainwright and several other fine old fellows stretched across the table to shake hands with me. Even my next neighbour, the governor, relaxed his stern features, and bestowed a few approving smiles.

Next came "The Emerald Isle," and Mr. Grattan on his legs; who, I must say, had cheered me on during my oration in the most fraternal manner. He was extremely felicitous—as I believe he always is—in his reply; and described to the company Paddy Blake's echo with great tact, talent, and humour.

We afterwards had a great many eloquent speeches, and a great many droll ones. I was again called up by having my health

drank as the military Commander on the Border during the Maine troubles. Many flattering things were said to me, to which I responded in a half-serious, half-jocose tone, as best suited to the time and place; stating that my honest endeavour had been to preserve peace between two great countries, and that the success which had attended my humble efforts would always be a subject of the most heartfelt satisfaction to me; that soldiers, in time of peace, were like doctors in healthy villages, who, if they had no opportunity to kill or cure, could at least shew their skill in keeping away ill humours from those around them; that I firmly believed the present state of political feeling was healthy and benign; and that, if no *bad doctoring* was introduced, it would always remain so. This, and a great deal more which I will not inflict upon you, elicited from all present a warm expression of kindly feeling towards Old England.

Our fair young Queen's health was drank with great enthusiasm. I, as in duty bound, returned thanks, and proposed the President of the United States, with all the honours; and we prolonged to a late hour one of the most agreeable and soul-stirring parties at which I was ever present.

I subjoin a copy of the song which is annually sung on this occasion, in full chorus:—

SONG

FOR ΦBK DINNER, 1840.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

I.

THIS day with heartfelt glee we greet,
Most joyous of the year,
When at the festive board we meet
Our brethren dear;
When sparkling wit and jocund song,
And temperate mirth combine,
And grateful recollections throng
Of auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—Of auld lang syne, my friends,
Of auld lang syne;
And grateful recollections throng
Of auld lang syne.

II.

Let true Philosophy our light,
Our trust, and pilot be;
Directing still our course aright
O'er life's dark sea.
Our worthy deeds may others see
On history's pages shine,
When these our days shall numbered be
With auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—With auld lang syne, my friends, &c.

III.

The strife of sect and party rude
We from our presence bar,
Nor on this hour shall aught intrude
Our mirth to mar.
We'll take our choice, who here are met,
Of water or of wine,
And take a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

CHORUS.—For auld lang syne, my friends, &c.

IV.

Though we must part—some for a year,
And some must part for aye,
To memory ever shall be dear
This gladsome day.
Now let my proffered hand be met,
Brother and friend, by thine,
And take a grip of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Chorus.—For auld lang syne, my friends,
For auld lang syne;
We'll take a grip of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

LETTER VII.

An American Breakfast—Bolting System—Its Disadvantages, bodily and mental—American Ladies—Lynn—Temperance—Improvement—Lowell and its Cotton Manufactory—General Dearborne—Future progress of Steam—Steam Birds—Count de Pampour's Treatise.

Boston, August 28, 1840.

My dear S——,

This morning I again took my place at the breakfast table, to see, with renewed admiration, the galloping system. What I most envied, but in vain attempted to imitate, was the marvellous skill evinced by the natives in swallowing large quantities of iced milk and oatmeal porridge.

"Scotia, my own, my native land!" thou art famed in verse and prose for thy breakfasts; but even thou must hide thy dimi-

nished head before the accumulated glories of the morning repast at Tremont House; where, in addition to the aforesaid porridge, are displayed tea, coffee, omelets, beef-steaks, mutton-chops, veal-cutlets, kippered salmon, various kinds of fresh fish, ham, eggs, cakes, rolls, muffins, toast, &c. &c. *ad infinitum!*

The succession of meals at this most abundantly supplied establishment is such that, with the exception of a few hours during the dead of night, a man of powerful digestive organs could, with a little management and occasional change of place, easily contrive to blend all the five repasts of the day into one. From the earliest breakfast at seven, until the latest supper long after midnight, there is scarcely any cessation.

And yet that most important meal of all, — that meal at which aldermen "tremble while they gaze"—is the only one which in America is hurried over; and hurried over

it is with most inhuman haste. All manner of good things are set before you, but no time for reflection or selection is afforded you. Promptitude of decision is your only chance: no hanging fire permitted—decks cleared — dessert produced, consisting of peaches, pears, apples, almonds, iced creams, &c.; but, alas! the same system is continued, —*gobble, gulp, and go* is still the order of the day.

I ventured, on more than one occasion, to advert to the story of the two dogs, both abundantly and equally fed, and the one immediately taken out to hunt, the other tied up; when, on putting them both to death three hours afterwards, it was found that the dog which had hunted had not one particle of its food digested, whilst the dormant one had a clean, wholesome, empty stomach. But no man in this wonderful land could spare time to profit by my advice; for as the London cabman, at the risk of

your neck, acts upon the principle that time is money, so do these extraordinary people, to the imminent danger of their own digestive organs. I now allude to the men; but to behold the fairest of the fair adopt what I have before denominated the bolting system, is really awful.

I am now, in some degree, become accustomed to it; but still it is extremely provoking when you happen to be placed by the side of an agreeable person—and all the American ladies are so,—and when you have just led her into conversation, suddenly she and all the rest of the fair creatures start off like startled deer; or, to speak in more homely phrase, as if the house was on fire!

I have said that all the American ladies are agreeable, and I'll maintain it; and well-bred too, although certainly I was a little startled this evening at the tea-table when a black-eyed, intelligent-looking lass

from Philadelphia, who was describing Saratoga springs, informed me that "all the young dandies there were *considerable humbugs, she guessed!*" But she was very pretty and very young, and that made up for every thing.

My two companions took a trip to-day to Lynn, a shoemaking place, where, a few years ago, the artisans were ragged drunkards. They are now, from having adopted the temperance system, become a most industrious, thriving, healthy, well-clad population. Lowell, to which place General Miller gave us a letter, is also well worthy of observation, as containing a population which has increased, in consequence of its admirable manufacturing position, from a few hundred inhabitants to the amount of 20,000; and where you behold 4000 female operatives well behaved, well dressed, well informed, and, generally speaking, young and handsome.

They use 20,000 bales of cotton annually, making 63,000,000 of yards. The inexhaustible water resources obtained from the great fall of the Merrimac river, led to the establishment of the first factory here in 1813; around it there is now a large and thriving city; and, amongst other things that my observing friends told me, Lowell boasted already twenty churches of various persuasions.

During their absence I viewed many of the public buildings, and took a parting glance at Chantrey's fine statue of Washington, placed in the entrance-hall of the State House.

Many gentlemen called upon me, amongst others, General Dearborne; and we discussed our yesterday's visit on board the Acadia steamer, and the admiration which the inspection of her engines had excited in every body. This led me to express my conviction that, sooner or later, steam, which was now

all powerful on earth and water, would conquer another element; and that trains of *steam Dædaluses* would flap their huge wings in the air with as much ease and certainty as the paddles now revolve in the water.

He smiled at this, and said it reminded him of a long discussion he had had many years ago, when storm-bound at a country inn, with a singular character, an old man, very talented, enthusiastic, and speculative, who had then in embryo what all the world is at present profiting by, to wit—the application of steam as a propelling principle on railroads.

"I recollect well," continued General Dearborne, "the words with which our conversation ended, for they made a deep impression on me.

"'I am an old man,' said he, 'you are a young one. I shall, perhaps, live to see my present invention carried into effect; but

you, sir, may live to behold what assuredly one day will take place, as the powers of steam become better known and further developed, — and that is, flocks of steam birds mounting into the air like pigeons, and as regularly leaving towns with passengers and letters as stage-coaches do nowadays.'"

General Dearborne mentioned the name of this veteran enthusiast. I regret that I have not retained it; but it is one well known as that of a man eminent for mechanical skill.

I was much pleased to perceive that the merits of my friend the Count de Pambour's admirable and deeply scientific treatise on locomotive machines was as highly prized in this country as it is in Europe: for my own part, the perusal of that work, more than any thing else, has convinced me that the glories of steam power are not as yet one half, — nay, not one quarter, developed.

Adieu!

LETTER VIII.

Departure from Boston—Hotel Charges—Innkeeper's Liberality—Railroad Journey—Accurate Arrangements — Yankee Phraseology — SPRINGFIELD — Arms Manufactory and Armoury—American Muskets superior to British — Public Establishments gratuitously exhibited.

Hampden Hotel, Springfield,
August 29, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

Here I am, having come a distance of ninety-five miles to breakfast! for, having indulged a little too long on my downy pillow, I found, when I descended, that my friends had already taken their post in the vehicle which was to convey us to the railway-station, and that I had just time to pay my bill—a pretty severe one—but not a sin-

gle minute to spare to add another item to the list of charges. Two dollars a-day, exclusive of wine, was the charge at Tremont House. I believe that this is pretty generally the price throughout the Union.

On hurrying towards my carriage, one of the proprietors discovered that he had forgotten to charge for my servant; when I stopped to seek for my purse he very considerately said, "Don't mind it—you can pay on your return." I took him at his word, and we galloped off to the station, where our baggage was taken and ticketed, and a corresponding ticket handed to us.

A rapid run brought us to Springfield by 12 o'clock. On descending at Hampden Hotel, the first thing we had to do was to inscribe our name, rank, and residence in a book. Whilst doing so we ascertained that the first dinner was half over; and knowing the rapidity of American feeding, we were aware that it would be concluded before we

could take our places at the table. Supporting nature, therefore, with an excellent biscuit and some iced brandy-and-water, we determined to join the second dinner-party at two o'clock.

Nothing could exceed the attention—I ought to say *kind* attention—which was shewn us at this patriotically named hotel. How true is it that

> "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round—
> Where'er his various course has been—
> Must sigh to think how oft he's found
> His warmest welcome at an inn!"

Not that the satire of the lines is a jot more applicable to the United States than to any other country.

I pronounce this a pretty, rising, go-a-head place; where four roads meet, and where sixty muskets per diem are manufactured. *Vive le guerre!* This establishment I went to see at a later hour. Indeed, I had not calculated on viewing it at all—

our project at starting being to reach New Lebanon this evening for the purpose of beholding the comical religious ceremonies of the Shakers—to-morrow being Sunday. We found, however, that our friends at the Tremont House had misinformed us, and that there was no conveyance to the Lebanon springs until Monday.

"What can't be cured must be endured:" so here we are; and if I had had my fishing-tackle with me, I might have passed the afternoon angling in the Connecticut, on whose right bank Springfield is placed, or trouting in the beautiful stream which we crossed over repeatedly between South Brookfield and this place; for the railroad passes through the lovely valley of the Chickapee, which is watered by a river of the same name, for a distance of three-and-thirty miles.

But I am bringing you to the end of our day's journey without a single word as to its

details. This must not be; so here I will make a second start in a more orthodox manner.

The railroad is a splendid one, passing over a magnificent country. Hills, dales, woods, and waters, make it a delicious scene to glide through; whilst apples, pears, peaches, Indian corn, and musk melons, are scattered in rich profusion along its sides.

After we quitted Boston, we passed the arsenal of Massachusetts, then through Newton East and Newton West, and at Framingham, twenty-one miles on our journey, we stopped ten minutes to water. This is the time every where allowed, — then through Unionville, which is very pretty, and Westborough, and halted a few minutes at Worcester, a thriving and beautiful town, with the Insane Hospital of the State occupying a commanding position and displaying a splendid range of buildings. Here the Norwich train crossed us at horse-racing speed.

My little domestic could not comprehend the rate at which we went, and was constantly looking a-head, thinking the horses had run away with us. I was at times apprehensive that he would be a nose minus, as he poked his head out of the window of the omnibus whilst we were passing along the narrow bridges with their balustrades high in air, or get his brains knocked out in some of the tunnels, for the road is carried through rocks as well as over ravines.

And here let me say a few words for American travelling. Every thing is arranged like clock-work: you start to a minute, and you arrive exactly at the time named. Your baggage is transferred, without trouble and without risk, from one train to another; porters and servants working for you with civil and kind aspects, and without expectation of fee or reward! Waiters at inns waiting upon you assiduously and serving you faithfully — no half-crowns

or half-sovereigns looked for in return! We left that well-regulated house, the Tremont, without one glance of *greed* from any of its inmates, but many of kindness; and to get to this place we paid three dollars each, with no *tipping* of discontented cads, no litigation with insolent porters; and, to wind up all, I have now been a week and a day in the Union, and I have neither seen a beggar nor a drunkard!

The long train of carriages was filled with well-dressed and well-looking women, and all the male passengers we spoke to were civil and well-informed.

I have picked up a few Yankee expressions, and love them all: for example, my opposite neighbour to-day at dinner urged me to make an experiment on some "real, genu*ine*, Yankee, New England, pumpkin pudding;" and excellent it was by the bye. As for "I guess," "I calculate," "go a-head!" *et hoc genus omne*, I can find

nothing exceptionable in them; and how expressive is "*pretty smart:*" and what could depict kind-heartedness on the one side, and health, happiness, and prosperity on the other, better than the greeting which I overheard this morning between two friends, the old one saying to the young one —

"Well, my fine chap, how d'ye find yourself?" and the laconic reply of

"First-rate!" from the half-filled mouth of a laughing, rosy-cheeked, broad-shouldered lad of one-and-twenty! Surely our gallant tars who have written travels could not object to this expression.

Be that as it may, I respectfully say to Messieurs and Mesdames who have written books on Yankee land, and the accounts of whose travels I mean to peruse when I have concluded my own, that I never saw a more delightful country nor a more charming people. If it and they had nothing more

to recommend them I say it is enough; and I here repeat, no drunken men, no impertinent beggars, no insolent boys, no eavesdroppers, no looking after strangers, for all are occupied with their own affairs.

If there are sects and sectarians, what care I, so as they keep the peace and I "go a-head?" But pardon this digression, for I as yet have got you no farther along the road than Worcester. Next comes Clapville, then Charlton and South Brookfield, where, as I have said, we fell in with the Chickapee, which empties itself into the Connecticut two miles and a half above Springfield. At a second Brookfield, they water and remain ten minutes; then comes Warren, near Ware, famous for its cotton and woollen manufactories, and at Palmer many coaches were in waiting to convey passengers to the aforenamed place. At about six miles distant you see Mount Tom and Holyoke, to visit which has lately become a fashionable pilgrimage.

From Ludlow, where we also stopped, you can proceed to Northampton (twenty miles distant), and of which you catch a view. I believe Miss Martineau describes it as a beautiful place.

Our next stage brought us to where we now are, and where we are doomed to remain. But, as I always endeavour to extract good from evil, I determined to visit the United States Arm Manufactory and Great Armoury; the government having only two on a great scale—this, and the one at Harper's Ferry at Virginia; and it well repaid our trouble, and reconciled us to not getting on to Pittsfield and Lebanon; besides, we find that there are Shakers at Endfield in this immediate neighbourhood; and thus we shall be enabled to see the religious rites of these misguided people at that place to-morrow; and their secular pursuits at Mount Lebanon on another day.

Hampden House is a splendid one; and Springfield is a charming, well laid-out town:

every house occupies a separate space, and is surrounded by a well-arranged garden. Churches and public buildings are tastefully and handsomely built; the streets are wide, and the surrounding country is picturesque.

The dinner was excellent: the rapidity at which it was swallowed, detestable; but "needs must when the d——l drives." So out we started; and walking up a broad and beautiful street, we turned to the left amidst Dutch cottages with tastefully laid-out parterres, and thousands of sunflowers bending to the breeze; seeing all around us innumerable places of worship, with noble country-houses in the distance. The streets were well watered, with rows of majestic and graceful elm-trees on each side; and were it not for the intense heat, Springfield would be a perfect paradise.

The hill we mounted is crowned by magnificent buildings filled with workshops.

The armoury is situated apart, and contains 91,000 stand of arms, simply but neatly arranged. The average price of each musket is eleven dollars—fie upon England!—I mean *Old* England, that gives so much more niggardly a price. They are all in high order and with agate flints, the flat side uppermost—a plan which I cannot get my fellows to adopt.

This noble national establishment is calculated for 250 operatives when in full work: at present only 140 are employed, earning from thirty-five to fifty dollars per month. Some work by the day, others by the piece. The shops are opened at the ringing of a bell at half-past four both in summer and winter. Those who work by the day must perform ten hours labour, and no intemperance is permitted; for a man observed to be the least excited by liquor is instantly discharged.

A most obliging and intelligent opera-

tive, who walked round with us, explained every thing; he first shewed us the barrel, stock, &c., piece-meal, and then the musket complete. We went to the proving-house, very simply and well arranged, where fifty barrels are proved at a time; the first charge is the sixteenth part of a pound, or one ounce; the second twenty-two drachms. Each barrels weighs four pounds five ounces; the whole complete, with fixed bayonet, ten pounds and a half. The bayonet enters on a pivot and is then turned, and all have brass pans.

I blushed when I thought of *Brummagem* jobbing and contracts; for here all, every, and each component part of a firelock are made according to pattern and in one mould. The stocks, all turned from the walnut by the same machine, and at the same time a spring is fixed for the ramrod; the locks are all tested in a steel gauge; the hammers, pans, pins, barrels, stocks, &c., undergo the

minutest examination; there being a chief inspector in each shop and for each article: thus every part may be taken at random, and will supply any deficiency that may occur.

They have no armourers with their regiments, but have depôts in each state, so that when a soldier breaks or spoils any part of his firearm, his piece is immediately taken into store and replaced by another. It would, I conceive, be a better plan to furnish a certain number of each part to the quartermaster of every corps, and make him charge the soldier for such as are issued to him. Every thing we saw appeared to be of the best, and all forming part of a great whole. Their powder is also *first-rate* and beautifully glazed.

Why does not our Ordnance Board now and then take a hint from other countries —abolish contracts, and set up for itself?

We had inquired before we set out,

whether it was necessary to offer any fee: the answer was, that the Americans like themselves to see, and to shew to strangers all that is going on in their public works without payment; and that the proffer of money would offend.

Ye Tower *Beef-eaters*, hide your diminished heads! Ye well-tipped Swiss at St. Denis and elsewhere, keep your well-greased palms for ever shut! and ye pampered lacqueys at England's proud show-palaces, take a leaf out of John Ford's book—from whom we parted with mutual kind feelings and gracious smiles; we thankful for the valuable information he had clearly and concisely given us, and he delighted with our approbation of all we had seen.

Adieu!

LETTER IX.

Endfield — Shakers and Shakeresses — Their Dress, Evolutions, Dances, Tunes, and Doctrines — John Pease — Ann Lee, the Foundress of the Sect — Their Social Economy.

Springfield, August 30, 1840.
Sunday.

"Tully Goram's my delight:
It maks us a' in ain unite,
To dance away with all our might,
The reel of Tully Goram."

You will call this, my dear friend, a singular commencement of a Sunday's epistle. I admit that it is so; but it chimes in with the scene we have just been witnessing.

If the Shakers' doctrine be the true one, our system of kneeling and praying ought immediately to give place to singing merry songs and dancing Scotch reels. One thing

is certain that, Scotchman though I am, I never beheld the double-shuffle, the cut the buckle, and the Highland fling in greater perfection!

Notwithstanding the apparent profanations of these deluded people, I really believe them sincere; and that their singular devotional exercises are prompted by a genuine, although most absurd, religious feeling.

"Recollect," exclaimed one of the *inspired* expounders of their doctrines, who steps forth after each stave and after each hornpipe,—"recollect that we are rejoicing unto God at having mortified the flesh; for this is the only use we put our unruly members to!" Another repeated these lines:—

> "Our flesh and sense must be denied,
> Passion and envy, lust and pride;
> While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
> Our inward piety approve."

They also inform you that they wish to "represent heaven on earth; for here, they have neither marriage nor giving in marriage." Their vow is celibacy; and they have every thing in common. How they manage with their combs and tooth-brushes, I did not presume to ask them.

I saw one or two handsome young women; and there were several children, seduced, I presume, to join the community by adult relatives. One young lady about twenty, of a fine, full form, shewed from her looks, her manner, and her roving eye, that the spirit had not yet quite driven the flesh out of the field; but the rest were nearly all old, wizened, ascetic-looking animals, full of disappointment and spleen, and perfect specimens of old maids.

The men, generally, seemed hale, stout fellows, with grey Quaker-cut coats, black waistcoats, and blue trousers; almost all of them wearing white straw hats, and carry-

ing canes. Their toggery seemed quite new, and as if it had all been made in the same shop: equality and commonality being the order of the day, no one would endure to be worse clothed than his neighbour.

Their farms are neatly kept, well fenced, and well cultivated. There seemed to be abundant crops of potatoes, pumpkins, rye, corn, tomatoes, and tobacco; and numerous pear, apple, and peach-trees, laden with fruit. In short, every thing seemed in abundance, and their houses were commodious and well built.

Five distinct families, as they are termed, occupy this district: four of them are named after the four cardinal points, and are called the East, West, North, and South families. The centre or Church family occupies the middle point. The distance between the East and West or North and South families may be about a mile and a half, consequently the area for cultivation is considerable.

On the Sabbath they collect at ten

o'clock, A. M., at the centre, where they have a large, clean, plain meeting-house.

We had driven ten miles through Eastlong Meadows towards Endfield; and arrived there some time before their service began, in order to secure a front seat; there being a certain number *told* off for visitors, those on the right for the ladies, and those on the left for the gentlemen; each sex entering by separate doors, as do also the Shakers themselves, when they take post opposite to each other, *ready for action!*

The men present themselves with a demure, quiet gait and manner, go up a stair and deposit their hats and sticks, then return and seat themselves upon the benches; the women, from an opposite door do the same, and disemburthen themselves of their straw bonnets, which are of the orthodox Quaker cut, with the exception of the fronts of them being longer and more scooped than those we see in England.

Their dress is beautifully simple and

clean. On their necks they wear a muslin handkerchief; on their heads a gauze mob-cap. Their gowns are plain blue striped jane; and all carry a white napkin, suspended on their left arm: they wear white cotton stockings, and are well shod!! The men's linen was the perfection of whiteness.

They are now paraded opposite each other, and sit down on their respective benches with their hands clasped before them, and their heads sunk in an attitude of prayer.

We sat in breathless silence, wondering when the play would begin,—for all these arrangements seemed but the prelude to some mock solemnity,—when in walked, from opposite passages, two processions of ten each,—one of men, the other of women; and, I presume, the elders of the society.

The benches were now simultaneously removed, and the service of the day began; each party being still ranged opposite the

other, but forming an acute angle from the upper part of the hall.

They commenced by singing a hymn, or rather a good heart-stirring old English hunting-song; and all their toes were forthwith in gentle movement: this ended, a grave-looking, bulky chap stepped to the front to exhort and enlighten, which he did in a very incoherent manner: then came another tune —"Chevy Chase"— and, after that, another exordium. The superior of the community, a certain Mr. John Pease, formerly a notorious horse-dealer, came forward with barnacles on nose, and gave a detailed explanation of their doctrines and tenets; after which we were favoured with a most lively glee.

This finished, another long and tormenting pause ensued; and the same old spectacled hero, seeing that the spirit had not moved any of his fellows, again stepped forth; and, for lack of a better subject,

commenced abusing us, who were his audience. He then directed the benches to be replaced; and all sat down and sang another stave, with a hand extended on each knee, with which they beat time, as well as with their feet. After this, another champion entered the arena, and again explained the manner in which they subdued "their worldly lusts, abandoning the flesh and clinging to the spirit; and thus preparing themselves for meeting their God." Then came another order from old Barnacles; and the forms being once more removed, six men and six women placed themselves in the centre of the assemblage, to give the time, and the whole comical regiment struck up a merry chant; and forming themselves two a-breast, proceeded to dance round the room, with their hands raised before them, pawing the air much in the style of dancing-dogs; their feet being lifted to the measure, as if they had been marching on a hot gridiron.

They thus made a circuit round the room three or four times, when — halt front! and another oration took place.

Oh, ye gods! Then came "Nancy Dawson," or "The D—l among the Tailors," or "Moll in the Wad," or some such elegant and pious tune; and away they capered and jigged, with hands high in air, snapping of fingers, heel and toe, and the dustman's shuffle; all dancing well, and keeping most exact time. This done, they performed the *galoppe*, bounding round the room like overgrown antelopes: it was frequently with the greatest difficulty I kept my gravity; at other times I felt sick and indignant at this humiliating sight.

The dance finished with another exorcism about the flesh and the devil. Our friend with the barnacles, who was our principal instructor, taking care to tell us that their religion was as good as ours, and was protected by the law; and that, though as

strangers we were permitted to see their ceremonies, we had no right to outrage their religion and defile their sanctuary by doing what we would not dare to do in any other church,—namely, walking off in the middle of their worship! This was a gentle hint that we must sit it out; and so we did.

The men had cast their coats aside before commencing this last *perspiring* ceremony; and another discourse and another hymn concluded the day's *amusements.* The men and women had pearly drops on their brows; and well they might, for the thermometer ranges at this season, in New England, to nearly ninety degrees.

The last speaker, who was by far the best of the whole party, told us that they never tried to gain converts, but only wished to prepare themselves for a better world; he hoped their religion would be respected, not misrepresented; and that they took this mode with light hearts and clear con-

sciences (he might have added with light heels and good lungs), to worship their Redeemer.

He talked a great deal about time and eternity; and he, as well as all the others, during their ravings, quoted, or I should rather say misquoted, numerous texts of Scripture; such as "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple;" and, "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; neither said any of them that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things in common." They forgot, however, that part of Holy Writ, which teaches us "to increase and multiply." It would be a singular mode of bringing the world to an end, or at least of destroying the Union, were these annihilating doctrines to gain proselytes. The government tolerate the sect, being, doubtless, well aware that the laws of na-

ture are sufficiently powerful to render their dogmas innoxious.

Anne Lee, an Englishwoman, was the founder: she came from the old country many years ago; but whether she is any relation to a lady of the same name, but of a diametrically opposite notoriety, I cannot inform you. She established the first family at Niskayuna, near Albany. They regard her as nearly equal to the Saviour, or rather as a female Saviour; and assert themselves to be the only persons on whom the light of the spirit has shone!

Celibacy they insist on as indispensable; and they profess the entire relinquishment of luxury and all ambitious views. Every one who joins them must, after a certain probation, give up all he possesses for the common good.

I followed the superior after service into his comfortable abode: he was dry and testy in his replies to my numerous questions;

and told me to come another day. He pointed out the burying-ground of his sect, and informed me that their number was about three hundred; that they had no laws; and that no one had ever been expelled from their society.

This he said with a significant emphasis, adding that he believed there had been expulsions from other families. He assured me that it was quite at the option of every one to remain, or quit the community; and when any one was tired of their rules, there were plenty of long and dark nights to walk off in. They were well off, he said, as to funds; and did not put out their money to interest, but lent it to poor creatures. *Creature*, by the bye, is a great word with them; and the noun *sense* they convert into a most comical verb—"I sense," or "She sensed him to do it."

Their grounds and establishments are rich and beautiful; and a fellow *hard up*

might do worse than join them for a few months by way of a change. Their place of worship was characterised by the utmost cleanliness and purity. You might have eaten your dinner off their floor; and the abode of Mr. John Pease was a pattern of Quaker precision and neatness. Sobriety, regularity, cleanliness, and industry, are the ruling characteristics of this very singular community, which we left with mingled feelings of mirth and melancholy.

By a singular coincidence, the text of Dr. Wainwright's sermon, which I had listened to with so much delight the preceding Sunday, had been "Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul;" but how great was the difference between his orthodox and eloquent exposition of it, and all the absurd doctrines and ceremonials by which the self-same precept had to-day been enforced!

We returned to Springfield in time for dinner; after which I took a stroll on the luxuriant and winding banks of the Connecticut, which is here nearly as broad as the St. John's at Fredericton; and then, on the medical plan of counteracting one poison by another, I went to hear Dr. Peabody, a noted Unitarian preacher.

But I think I hear you exclaim, "*Ohe jam satis!*" "Enough is as good as a feast:" so I will conclude by informing you that Springfield contains also a regular church-going population, and that Sunday in this place is devoutly kept.

I am, &c.

LETTER X.

Journey to Mount Lebanon — Multiplied Deceptions of Coach Proprietors — Antiquated Travelling Companions — Loss and Recovery of Baggage — West Springfield — Westfield — Dwarf — Railroad among the Hills — Blasting the Rock — Portrait of John Pease the Shaker, and of a fair Fellow-traveller — The Green Mountains — Peru — Pittsfield — Mount Lebanon.

Hull's Hotel, Mount Lebanon,
August 31, 1840.

My dear S——,

In this country time is money, and "go a-head" is the order of every working day. At seven o'clock we found the whole world collected at breakfast: the short periods devoted to *feeding* being the only time at which men and women meet; for at every inn you see written up those annoyingly exclusive words, "Ladies' Parlour." At

Tremont House, the ladies and gentlemen breakfast and dine at different hours, as barbarously as in Russia; where they dine in different rooms.

Such was not the style of the Court of François le Premier, where it was said, "*Un cour sans dames est comme une année sans printemps, un printemps sans roses.*" True it is that, whilst at Tremont, *we* enjoyed the proud prerogative of breakfasting and dining with the ladies; but that was only under special circumstances — a blissful exception to the general rule!

At a quarter past seven we were to start in a "hold-nine vehicle;" and the coach proprietor solemnly assured us that we should dine at Peru at 2 P.M., and be landed at Lebanon by six. Now we did not reach the Eldorado of New England until seven in the evening, after being jolted and teased to death, changing carriages, and creeping over the Green mountains; and we were

not set down on the Hill of Cedars till long after midnight.

Nor was this the only point on which this worthy deceived us; for, when we took our places, he assured us that we "four males" should have "an additional four beautiful females" going to the baths, as our travelling companions; and I believe some of us, in consequence, had paid particular attention to our toilets, and had resolved to play the agreeable; but, alas! when we entered the carriage, we found three very considerably-the-worse-for-wear ladies of a certain age, and superabundantly old-maidish in their appearance; who, with their mother, a fine old dowager, had come from Charleston, South Carolina, and were travelling without a male protector. They were vastly chatty and communicative; and the youngest of the three maidens, who had not yet learned the important lesson of growing old with dignity, made a most decided

attack upon the susceptible heart of my friend the Major.

My other talented companion, the *late* Captain — for such we styled him — kept us sitting at the hotel door for a considerable period: at length he presented himself, after nearly exhausting our patience, and we dashed away with four horses and a postillion, who wore a kind of Spanish sombrero to screen him from the sun. We had crossed the covered bridge over the Connecticut, when the *late* Captain, suddenly projecting his head and shoulders out of the window, surveyed the exterior of the vehicle, and roared lustily to our Spanish-looking Jehu to "halt!" at the same time exclaiming, "Where's my baggage?"

This was a dead lock. The luggage had been left behind, as luggage generally is when its owner deputes other people to look after it. We tried to persuade the gallant Captain that it would be sent on the next

day; but he was too old a soldier to be satisfied with this; and off he started at full speed to regain the inn, we agreeing to await his return, and trusting that this practical lesson would be of use to our abstracted friend, who is always either sketching or composing, to the banishment of all sublunary concerns.

He soon rejoined us with his effects; an obliging New Englander having driven him at full speed to where we were waiting for him, and disappearing the instant he had performed this kind act, scarcely waiting to receive Captain O——'s thanks, and positively refusing any other remuneration. I detail this little incident to you chiefly to mark the kindheartedness of the people towards us.

We were quickly again *en route;* and passed through West Springfield, a thriving, well-built, pretty town, with fertile fields, green meadows, and gay gardens, surround-

ing it: no pauper cottages,—no miserable huts,—all the houses large and comfortable-looking, with many elegant detached mansions. We crossed the line, now making for the continuation of the railroad to Albany, where Irish faces, gestures, and voices, could not be mistaken: and we here fell in with Westfield river, which stuck to us the whole day. It is beautiful, and flows through a fertile valley.

Westfield is a fine, Dutch-looking town, with a canal running through it to Northampton. A famous country this for shooting and fishing: and here we saw a surprisingly small dwarf sitting on the step of a watchmaker's shop. In this land of liberty, I presume, they durst not shut him up and shew him as we should do: at an English fair the queer little fellow would have been worth his weight in gold.

Leaving this sportsman's paradise, we took to the jungle along execrable roads,

passing through lanes of shumachs, with the Green mountains spread out before us: they extend to Vermont on one side, and to Staten Island, near New York, on the other. The art and industry of man can indeed do wonders, for they are carrying the railroad through these lofty hills! It goes up to near the source of the Westfield river, and round the base of the Ticho mountain, celebrated for thousands of rattlesnakes: the Green mountains here are covered to their very summits with oaks and chestnuts.

We took fresh horses at the Madagascar inn, at the foot of the Ticho, and at Middlefield we changed coaches, a most detestable arrangement; for when a man is once *en route*, to have again to look after your things is absolute misery. To be sure I had a serving boy, whom I had hired for the express purpose of looking after me; I soon found that the young gentleman had

turned the tables upon me, and that it was I who was looking after him. I would advise all future travellers not to burden themselves with domestics; they are not wanted in this country, where you are admirably served, and have nothing to pay for it.

As we ascended the mountains, between the base of which and the line of the railway was the river, we observed boards fixed up bearing this pleasing instruction,

"WHEN YOU HEAR THE HORN, LOOK OUT!"

We soon comprehended what this meant; for we passed a wooden house whose sides had been driven in by the blasting of the blue-stone rock, through which, to the depth of eighty feet, they have carried the railroad.

The Westfield river, a most romantic stream, is occasionally dammed up, as it winds through the hills which approach it

on both sides, and then it assumes the appearance of a succession of small lakes; this is the case in the Russell townships, which we passed through; and the scenery reminded me of the Appennines, which I have often crossed, particularly between Parma and Carrara; the road being frequently on the very brink of the precipice. Before reaching Chester we met large droves of pigs and horses.

Captain O——, notwithstanding the jolting of the coach, contrived to finish a sketch of one of the capering Shakers: it was so like that we all recognised it at once, and when he shewed it to the driver he exclaimed, "That's John Pease, the Shaker at Endfield. I knew him well; and a capital fellow he was, when he was a horse-dealer!"

The talented artist had soon a better subject to exercise his pencil on, by the entrance of a most lovely young creature,

going to New Chester, or, as she called it, Plunketsville: the Captain, Raphael-like, became instantly enraptured, and seized his pencil; when Mary Hale, the factory girl, nothing loath, took off her bonnet, put herself into attitude, and sat with all the gravity of a countess; at the same time evidently trying to put as much expression into her very beautiful countenance as she could.

The portrait was admirably done; and the gallant Captain wrote under it, "The fair Rose of Massachusetts." When she reached the end of her journey and got out, her frankness turned to frigidity, and she sidled off, to the dismay of her inamorato, being evidently unwilling to be the subject of such decided admiration where she was known.

We now travelled along the top of the Green mountains until we were heartily sick of them, and about sunset reached

Peru; the western sky shewing a sea of silver, and the clouds in the east tipped with gold. But, alas! this was no Eldorado to us, for we were all completely tired and sick of our journey, and had still twenty miles to Pittsfield,—down hill, luckily.

Again we met the railroad, which has been carried round by the western source of the Westfield river, which has three branches, East, West, and Middle field. At the last-named place we were forced again to change coaches. We afterwards passed through Dalton, where the Hustonic meanders, and turns various paper-mills.

Pittsfield is a fine town; and has a branch manufactory for fusils and pistols, and also cotton and woollen manufactories. Its buildings are excellent, and the workshops being lighted up gave it an animated appearance.

Here was the arch-traitor Mackenzie;

and here, opposite the inn, a grand ball was going on.

The landlord, I regret to tell it, again played us false, first assuring us that the same coach should go on, and then, after detaining us an hour, forcing us into another; and away we went at a snail's pace to Mount Lebanon. Such bone-setting I never experienced! for from the moment we left Pittsfield we began to ascend amidst rocks, ruts, and darkness. At length we got, as it were, up to the very clouds, when our driver dismounted and locked a wheel, and we rapidly descended a kind of corkscrew hill, called Handcock mountain, then we made another short ascent, and were at length landed at Lebanon, and ushered into Hull's magnificent establishment.

We found a long, large, deserted hall; but tea, coffee, cold meat, and wild honey, were speedily furnished us; with which, and a sherry cobler and cigars, we comforted

ourselves, and I retired to my chamber to pen this lucubration; for which, considering that it was past midnight before I commenced it, you ought to be profoundly grateful.

Adieu!

LETTER XI.

Bathing — Erudite Breakfast — Negro Opinions of fair Ladies — Expediency of a Trip to Lebanon — Shakers — Details of their Domestic Arrangements — History of old Annie the Dairy-maid — Controversy between John Mantle and Captain O—— — The Captain retires from the Conflict — John Mantle's Exposition of his Tenets, and History of Himself — Hotels at Lebanon — Misery of a Ground-floor Apartment — Sensitiveness of a Black waiting Damsel — The use of Cigars interdicted by a Virginian Planter.

The New Lebanon, Sept. 1, 1840.

My dear S——,

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the previous day, I rose with the lark, "the herald of the morn," or rather with the sun, whose beams do not penetrate quite so early into this "happy valley in the mountains;" for, on dressing and going abroad, I found

myself in an amphitheatre formed by beautiful hills. Dr. Johnson must have visited this place before he wrote his "Rasselas."

I got into a delicious swimming-bath, the constant temperature of which is 72°, as the spring that runs through it never varies throughout the year. Then came a breakfast that would have done honour to merry Scotland: spatch-cock, kippered salmon, omelets, trout, piccerelle (a most delicate fish), fried potatoes, yellow mush, made from Indian corn, and which you eat with cream, ham, hung-beef, fresh butter, eggs, and honey-comb! After which *slight repast*, you may indulge in fiddling, bowling, billiarding, or bounding over the mountains like refreshed roebucks.

At dinner, also, you here fare sumptuously; for a more splendid one I never saw put upon a table, and all we lacked was fair partakers of it—for we had come just "a day after the fair." Yesterday was the last

of the season, and this morning twenty families had taken flight, leaving very few behind them. It was quite ridiculous to listen to the flowery descriptions of the numerous belles who had graced this place by their presence during the last month, as given by *the blackies in attendance;* for in this fine, free, enlightened country it is all nigger work.

"Ah, massa! Miss R. from New York, she d—d fine gal, but she too saucy!" "Oh, yes, massa! Miss L. from Virginy; she very rich, and much too handsome!"

The hall in which we dined is about 70 feet long. The saloon 40 feet long by 20; and here dancing commences each evening, after tea and coffee, at six o'clock. It was this night splendidly illuminated, and the band, a black one, was by no means bad: but unluckily it had to perform to empty benches.

I would recommend all the brave sons of

New Brunswick, who have any time to spare, to come to New Lebanon during the month of August. Nothing can be more easily accomplished. Let them take the steamer from St. John's to Boston—time, thirty-six hours; and then the rail-road, which will be completed from Boston to this place during the year—thanks to Paddy Whack; for yesterday we beheld two thousand of *the boys*, the Emerald-islanders, at work upon it as we crossed it seven times.

You now get to Springfield in five hours, for three dollars; and from thence, I presume, you will get to this place in two hours and a half, for two dollars; making the time occupied in the entire journey only forty-one hours and a half.

And the idlers of old England! why do they not get upon the "Cunard bridge" at Liverpool? twelve days will take them to Boston, half a one from thence to Lebanon; making, with the twelve hours journey from

London to Liverpool, thirteen days for the entire transit. And then they will have the musty cobwebs of the metropolis blown off them by the healthy gales of Lebanon; drink its pure water, bathe in its crystal streams, run about its hills, catch trout in its rapid rivers, shoot partridges *on trees*, for the American bird is a rooster; and see, into the bargain, the Shaking Quakers.

Two great establishments of these most singular beings are on the Mount; the nearest and largest we visited this evening, and were highly delighted with it. The beauty of their gardens, the neatness and cleanliness of their dwellings, the high cultivation of their grounds, struck us much; as did also their workshops, for they are completely independent of the surrounding world, making for themselves every thing they require. Both male and female, old and young, have some occupation; and idle-

ness, "the mother of mischief," is banished from amongst them!

We first entered their store, where we purchased toys, cordials, &c. Amongst other things, I recommend their *blackberry* wine, which cures dysentery. They prepare excellent rose-water and *Eau de Cologne*,—the process they explained to us.

Mr. Hawkins, their trustee and manager, is an active and intelligent person; he is extremely civil to strangers, and affords them every information. He first sent us round under the guidance of a fine, well-informed old girl, Annie Denny, the dairy-maid; and I assure you Annie's dairy was the *acmé* of arrangement and cleanliness, and her cheeseroom she exhibited with great exultation. This end of the village had forty cows appertaining to it, under Annie's immediate orders; the other end had an equal number.

We saw shoe-making, saddle-making, and

various other employments. A Quaker and his wife attended us; I had sat next to him at dinner, and had found him a very intelligent person. He put some *cute* questions to the people we met about farming and other rural matters, to which they gave most satisfactory answers.

My friends walked off, and I was left alone with Annie, who informed me she had been fifty years a Shaker; that her parents had brought her there when she was only five years old, at the time that the society was first formed. That the men and women slept in the same houses, and that they eat their meals at the same tables and at the same time, when there was room; and, in short, that they lived together like brothers and sisters; that they were great readers, and that they had schools for their children, each of which had a separate teacher; and that there was an overseer of the whole! She added, that there was no constraint

used, and that people might leave the establishment if they liked; and that there had been no instance of expulsion during the last twenty years.

Having in my mind's eye the young couple I had seen at Endfield, I ventured to ask a few questions as to the course adopted when a tender passion sprang up between two young persons; taking care to frame my interrogatories as delicately as possible, that I might spare the maiden blushes of the interesting Agnes.

She replied, "That might happen sometimes: when it did, they let them quietly take themselves off!"

Taking leave of old Annie, I returned to the toy-shop and was shewn into an inner room; where I found my friend, the captain, who is well-read in Holy Writ, in deep and eager disputation with one of the brethren named John Mantle, a man of considerable talent, who seemed to have the whole of the

Bible at his finger ends; and who gave chapter and verse for all he advanced with such adroitness, shrewdness, and good sense, that he appeared to me rather to floor his opponent.

The subject when I entered was, as might be expected, the expediency of marriage; when John Mantle said, "The Catholic priesthood have cleverly got rid of the charge brought against them by the Protestants of '*forbidding to marry*,' because it is allowed commonly, and included amongst the Seven Sacraments. The Protestants, on the other hand, call it a bastard sacrament, and yet uphold it as a Divine institution; and, with this view they often talk of '*solemnizing marriages*.' But, with all their efforts to prove it a holy command, a heavenly ordinance, and with all their ceremonies to sanctify it, the priests themselves are unwilling to set an example. 'God is light, and with him is no darkness at all;' therefore those

who walk in the light of God are willing all their works should be made manifest."

"And I think," added John, "that both ministers and people are entirely ignorant as to the scriptural meaning of flesh and spirit; for 'those who are in the flesh cannot please God.' I once had a very different view of the subject," he continued; "but the light of this testimony has caused the film to fall from my eyes, and I can now see what my condition then was, and feel grateful to the Divine Being for the call I have received to be separate from the world, and to come into that heavenly order where 'old things are passed away and all things are become new.'"

The Captain now said "that Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, were *called* men beloved of the Lord, and that, according to the Scriptures, the first was named 'The Father of the faithful;' they not only had families but very large ones, and considered it an honour

and their children a blessing. Noah and Lot both had families, and it was considered a curse to be without children; and David, who 'was a man after God's own heart,' had a family." Willing to shew my Bible-lore, I joined in the attack and said, "But Solomon, my good sir, what do you say to him? Solomon, when he was in all his glory, had several hundred wives and concubines!' And even in the New Testament we read of 'Peter's wife's mother,' thereby shewing us very clearly that he must have had one."

The old Quaker smiled good-humouredly and totally unmoved, as one well accustomed to such attacks, and replied: "I admit, friends, that you have stated your objections fairly: those you allude to were called good men, and were good men, and generated their species in conformity to the order of the world *in those times.* But why are we to deduct from this that Christians in this

our day of grace, who profess to live according to the purity of the Gospel, ought to look up to those examples? — I say, no! We are not ordered to follow Noah, Lot, David, or Solomon; but we are called upon to follow Christ and his example." Captain O—— here left the room, and I took up the cudgels; being by no means convinced of the propriety of a system which must put an end to the human race.

I alluded, with all the learning I could muster, to the Scriptural doctrine of increase and multiply, and urged that their plan, if generally adopted, must depopulate the world. He referred me to the 12th and 15th chapters of Leviticus and the 19th of Exodus, wherein I would find that the works of the flesh were excluded from the Jewish sanctuary, which was but a type of the gospel sanctuary, and told me to look at 1 Cor. vii. 1, where it says. "It is good for a man not to touch a woman;" and then he went on to

say theirs was the second creation, and that the female Christ had come in the shape of Anne Lee, whom he described at great length and with great enthusiasm, all which I will spare you. I will repeat what he told me about himself.

"I was born," he said, "where my father and grandfather had been born before me, in a small, neat, comfortable farm-house, near Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire, where the hounds used often to meet, and where many a good run I have seen when a boy. I came to New York about two-and-thirty years ago. Previous to quitting England I had married, and my wife accompanied me to this country. I am a cooper by trade, and whilst working in my calling I read in a New York paper a description of this society, which attracted my notice. I then travelled to this place with my wife and two children, a boy and a girl; the boy was four years old, the girl only four months. And here my

wife and myself were admitted as probationary inmates.

"Our trial lasted four years, Mrs. Mantle and myself and our children all living in the same house, but from the day of our entry we had separate beds." He added, "that the spirit and inclination had moved them both simultaneously, for they had lived apart for upwards of thirty years, although they continued to love each other with pure and unadulterated affection, being the greatest friends, and meeting daily, although now living in separate houses; that their son and daughter, when they grew up, had joined the society, and were at present with them: they were both extremely happy, and had never expressed a wish to quit it; that he brought in property, which was reserved for his children until they were of age to judge for themselves, which they had long been, and when the young people voluntarily joined the brotherhood it was placed in the common stock."

He was a good-looking man, about sixty years of age. He made me write my name in a book, and complimented me by saying it was familiar to him. We became very great friends. He entered into farther explanations as to their habits and pursuits, and gave me his tenets in the following brief words:—

"Lead a life of innocence and purity—love your neighbour as yourself—follow peace with all men, and abstain from war and bloodshed, and from all acts of violence towards your fellow men, as well as from all pursuits of pride and worldly ambition. Render every man his due, and observe 'holiness, without which no man can see the Lord,' and do good to all men, as far as opportunity and ability may serve." Thus said John Mantle; and I say, so far so good.

He also informed me that all persons joining their society do so freely and voluntarily—no flattery or undue influence is

used; that they have many English and Irish amongst them: the latter they do not like so much as the former, as they find it difficult to bring them to quiet habits of industry; that minute inquiries are made about character and disposition before admission, and that no one is received who has any worldly debts. That industry, temperance, and frugality, are the characteristics of their institution, and that when in health, all must be employed in some useful way for the benefit of the community.

From all that I have written about this extraordinary sect, you will perceive that these innocent and industrious people have made a great impression on me. How superior are they to idle nuns and dissolute monks, who, like them, are doomed to celibacy, and war as it were against nature! I admit that nothing can be more ridiculous than their prancing instead of praying (but do not Roman Catholics pass at least half

their Sundays in dancing?)—their making Anne Lee a female Christ—and their wanting to depopulate their own young and rising country on principles which they thus *poetically* defend:—

> "Our flesh and sense must be denied,
> Passion and envy, lust and pride;
> While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
> Our inward piety approve."

We bought a great many nic-nacs, and took an affectionate leave of Mr. Hawkins and John Mantle. About six hundred of these people are congregated together at this place. How different they appeared from those at Endfield, who were rude, rough, and repulsive! these were kind and friendly, and their motto is—

> "O magna vis veritatis!"

Our drive home was delightful amidst the fragrant shrubs and balmy breezes of Lebanon. To-morrow we propose going to an-

other settlement of the Shakers, at the hill of Handcock. Anne Lee must have had a tolerable notion of country comfort and picturesque locations.

Lebanon can boast of many good hotels and bathing houses, where fiddling and fluting seems the order of the day. I heard both going on at a great rate, as we drove past the Eagle and the Navarino, both good houses; but I would advise the visitor who honours Hull's with his presence to choose an up-stairs dormitory. From No. 1, which is at the very top of the house, there is a superb view of the surrounding country. Mine, unhappily, was 114, at the very bottom, and I had the full advantage of all the fiddling and faddling that took place; for, independent of my proximity to the torturers of catgut, I was in the very midst of all the new arrivals and fresh importations; and, thanks to their wooden partitions and latticed doors, I enjoyed in the fullest extent

a *concerto infernale*, made up of children screaming, boxes rattling, mistresses scolding, and black women chattering and screeching.

To escape all which, I darted to the supper table, got a glass of fine water of Mount Lebanon diluted with a prudent quantity of alcohol, and returned to my den with a cigar, hoping to whiff away the cares of the day and woo old Morpheus to throw his mantle over me, as soon as I should have concluded this long lucubration; when, as ill-luck would have it, I heard one of the black damsels, who had ably assisted at the before-mentioned diabolical concert, and whom I found belonged to a planter's party just arrived from Virginia, and was blessed, it appeared, with a most sensitive nose, exclaim, "I won't sleep—I can't sleep—I won't go a bed with them there nasty smoke fumes."

She then began to spit and cough at a great rate, and reminded me much of a storm

I once saw my friend Betsey Austin raise at Barbadoes!

This sable damsel's rage knew no bounds. She first raised the window, then shut it with fury, then rushed into the passage, and finally appealed to her master and mistress, who, although they came from the very land of tobacco, the consumption of which gives them wealth, imperatively commanded the landlord to put down this nuisance; and I was glad to put out my cigar, for fear of being put out myself.

This, you will admit, looked somewhat like the spirit of contradiction in this free and enlightened land; for behold me sitting peaceably in my own room, and meritoriously consuming a Virginian's produce, for which I had honestly paid, and then comes the Virginian himself and positively insists that I shall do no such thing: and perhaps the very next minute this advocate for universal freedom will protest against any legal

interference in the pleasure and pastime he has in beating his own niggers. I could almost find it in my heart to wish he had been in the humour this evening, and revenged me by administering a little wholesome correction to my sable tormentor.

Good night.

LETTER XII.

The Love of Change — Waters and Baths of Lebanon — Journey to Albany — Temperance Societies — Politics — Harrisonian Emblems — Albany — Bundling on the Decline.

Congress Hotel, Albany,
Sept. 2d, 1840.

"Und dieses dort ist nei mals hier."

I QUOTE this truth from the wisdom of Schiller, which, as you will well remember, was given to us in the days of "Auld lang syne," by the fairest of all the fair dames of Vienna. At this place I have found it completely verified: for yesterday I thought I could pass an existence amongst the heathery hills of Lebanon: but, this morning, Rasselas-like, I wanted to get out of the happy valley; and lo and behold! here I am, in

the ancient city of Albany, situated on the renowned Hudson, and the capital of the State of New York.

But, before I bid adieu to the lofty land of Lebanon, let me recommend to you and to all travellers, its Pickerelle and honey-combs; provided you prepare yourselves for enjoying them as I this morning did, by starting from my roost at six; first inhaling the mountain air, then going to the bubbling fountain, and with the aid of a large tumbler, coaxing down my throat a quantity of fixed air, which put me in mind of that at Francisbrun and Langen Swalbach, although not quite so effervescing; then plunging into and prolonging the pleasure of a delicious warm bath; and thus earning a title to a breakfast of the bountiful kind I have already described to you.

I have visited the Baths at Aix in Savoy; been repeatedly at those of Lucca, Baden-Baden, Carlsbad, and Francisbrun; and I

now declare that those of Mount Lebanon are equal, if not superior, to any of them; Wisbaden alone excepted, which must always rank above all others in my good graces; for there it was that I sojourned a long time after my return from the West Indies, a skeleton and a cripple, having narrowly escaped the rough handling I received from a fellow well known in the tropics by the cognomen of Yellow Jack. Its waters, with the skilful assistance of *Doctor Pate*, put me once more upon my legs.

Remembering the excellent arrangements of Wisbaden, I ventured to bestow a parting hint or two on mine host, Mr. Bentley, in his management of the Lebanon establishment. I advised warm sheets and larger towels for his patients. This and a little renown which I mean to give him, will settle the affair.

After some consultation, we abandoned

our projected visit to the Handcock Shaker establishment, being pretty well glutted with Shakers, and resolved to proceed on our journey, being anxious to get to Saratoga before the season should be broken up there also.

We accordingly addressed ourselves to the coach-proprietor; a *ci-devant* colonel, who stuck up manfully for his right—of "once a colonel, always a colonel"—and took every one to task who omitted to bestow on him this honourable appellation. He was a droll, violent sort of fellow, a redhot politician, and, of course, being a *post-master*, a determined Van Burenite!

My friend, the colonel—I regret to state it—Yankee-like, again proved a deceiver; for although he assured us, that if the mail were full he would forward us by a private conveyance, still, when the stage did arrive, he threw our baggage on it *bon gré, mal gré*, and then persuaded us we should

have plenty of room when we got to the next stage; to accomplish which, Captain O—— and my servant, took outside places.

When we got to Branford Bridge, where we dined, it began to rain, and we had a slight rumpus about places, as we were compelled to take them in two carriages, each crammed with nine insides, and I having by mistake placed myself in the one where my trunks were not. The dispute was conducted in a very decent manner—no swearing, no violence: this, to be sure, might partly be accounted for by our having been feasting at a Temperance inn; where our dinner, much to my annoyance, had been washed down with green tea.

These total-abstinence societies are ruinous to all virtue; for how can we exercise self-denial where no temptation is allowed us? *Gaudet tentamine virtus*, is my motto; and, for the mere sake of morals, I would recommend all public-house keepers

to give their customers the opportunity of shewing that they can resist the flowing bowl.

I had eight full-sized Yankees in the coach with me; one of whom gave me a sharp cross-examination, according to the national model, and several talked politics; but all were civil, respectful, and good-humoured.

My doctrine is, that religion and politics are dangerous subjects for travellers to indulge in: however, this day I was tempted to depart from my usual system, and ventured to discuss at full length the slavery question, the opinions about which differ as widely as the poles; and although I admitted the axiom that "Union was strength," I maintained that the contrariety of interests in this matter would destroy *their* Union sooner or later.

This topic and the presidential election made the time pass quickly. The latter

subject was introduced when we changed horses at Nassau, where we saw suspended as a sign a log-hut and a hogshead of hard cider, as the rallying emblems for the Harrisonians. On this question the whole of America is in full cry, and party is *running breast high.* Although the general election does not come on till the 3d March, 1841, the sectional elections take place in October and November of this year.

Both carriages were heavily laden, and the road being hilly we did not arrive until after dark at Greenbush,* on the banks of the Hudson. We crossed the river, and were driven through some of the principal streets of the noble town of Albany; here I was separated from my own party and was

* Greenbush is nearly opposite Albany, and is the place at which the New Boston railroad, which is in rapid progress, will terminate. On the heights above this place the remains of extensive barracks, built during the war, are still to be seen.

dragged by the unanimous voice of my fellow-travellers to a Temperance hotel.

I now discovered that I had been stowed away in the wrong coach; but as I knew the name of the hotel where my friends intended to put up, and as I love my virtue to be proved, as I have just told you, I got a guide and started for the Congress Hall hotel in the Grand Place; where I found my friends and my baggage, and got a good supper and a splendid sleeping apartment.

I wonder when I am to be asked to bundle; as yet I have always had the luxury of a bed-room to myself. Those good old days of bundling seem out of fashion; but I am told that I shall have to make the experiment before long.

Adieu!

LETTER XIII.

Albany — American attachment to Royal Names — Basin of the Erie Canal — Multitude of Steamboats — Travelling Companions — TROY — Mount Ida — Residence of an ex-blind Gentleman — His strange Estimate of Beauty — Advice to the Ladies — Deficiency of Classic Names — Politics — Origin of the Harrisonian Symbols — Ballston Springs — SARATOGA — General Scott — General Macomb — Friends from Canada — Kind Reception from General Scott.

Saratoga, Sept. 3, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

Dating a letter from Saratoga naturally brings Robert Burns' lines to my memory —

"Burgoyne gaed up, wae spur and whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man."

This place calls forth somewhat melancholy associations. But of this anon; and

before I expatiate on Saratoga and its scenery, I must make you travel with me from Albany to Troy; convey you, on a covered bridge sixteen thousand feet long, across the Hudson; take you near the Cohoes falls on the Mohawk; carry you across three different branches of that river; place you on the Schenectedy and Saratoga railroad; shew you Ballston springs, and, finally, land you here; and if you keep a good look-out when about the village of Waterford in the upper line of the Hudson, you will see the place where poor Burgoyne surrendered.

Albany contains, I believe, about 35,000 inhabitants. The census to be laid before Congress this year will be particularly interesting, as it will shew the surprising progress of population during the last ten years.

This is one of the oldest settlements; it dates from about 1610, and is next in age to Jamestown in Virginia. In 1664 its fort

and garrison surrendered to Colonel Carteret, who named it *Albany*, after the Duke of York. I would not have gone out of my way to mention this, were it not to shew what I have often observed and what has often been remarked to me, that a feeling of veneration for the mother country has always existed here; for when the daughter threw off her allegiance and became an undutiful republican gipsy, she never erased or changed the names of her towns, streets, or localities, however royal sounding they might be. The instances of this are numerous, but I will not try your patience by going over them.

After a substantial breakfast I viewed the Capitol, the States House now building, and many other noble edifices. The Americans know how to build towns as they ought to be built. They will have nothing to do with your unwholesome narrow streets; we walked down that noble one, called State Street, and passed over a bridge of the same

name, which is thrown across the basin of the great Erie canal, and which bridge they were at this time repairing, it having given way a few days before, when several carriages and public conveyances were upon it. A great many persons were precipitated into the water, and five-and-twenty were drowned.

I counted sixty small steamers in this reservoir, and when we reached the Hudson we beheld numerous large and splendid ones. We embarked on board of one, about to start for Troy. Two or three Irish waiters or porters convoyed us and conveyed our luggage from the Congress Hall, and by their language and gestures let us know that they had not been long enough from the *ould* country to have forgotten what they considered a good old custom, but which I deem an execrable one—*that of being* TIPPED!

As soon as the vessel moved from the wharf we had a fine view of Albany; its golden

cupola and stately buildings, with the Catskill mountains for a back-ground.

There were many passengers on board; amongst others a slight-looking lad, who proved to be a brother Scot on an hymeneal tour with a pretty American wife, whom I took to be his sister. I guessed his age, for it is the fashion to guess every thing in this country, at seventeen, he was, however, five years older. My attention was next drawn to a man who I was convinced, from the shape and expression of his face, was a Donnybrook boy. I addressed him in English, but a shake of the head was the only answer. I then tried French, Italian, Spanish,—at last "*Sind sie Deutch?*"

"*Yaw, yaw!*"

He was going to Laucelberg, a German settlement, three miles above Troy, and the place at which the Hudson ceases to be navigable; we afterwards saw it in the distance; it looked sombre, quiet, and at a stand-still, beyond the influence of the rail-

road, which passes along the opposite bank of the river, and makes every thing flourish where it goes.

As we approached the *Trojan Strand*, we saw enumerated in large letters "Steamboats, Canal-boats, Coaches, and Steam Carriages, ready to convey you to every part of the known world:" for the enterprising Yankee, undaunted by difficulties or distances, will take you any where and every where.

I soon found myself at a most charming hotel, the Mansion House, kept by a brother of mine host at Lebanon. This Mr. Bentley is an excessive civil and attentive landlord, and I can safely pronounce his house a *good* one in the best sense of the word, for on the table of every public apartment, and private bed-room, is to be found the Holy Bible!

On glancing over the pages of the travellers' book, I discovered the name of Lord Amiens. The last time I saw his

lordship he was perched in a place called the Crows' Nest, on the banks of the Meuse.

Troy has fine streets, handsome houses, and a population of between 18,000 and 19,000.

I mounted a Bucephalus, and rode to the top of Mount Ida; on the summit of which there is a gentleman's residence in an ancient style of architecture, which commands a magnificent view of the plains of Troy and of the American Hellespont. It is a pretty vagary, and is the more strange, as having been built by a *blind* man. He has lately had an operation performed, and is now restored to sight, and can enjoy the prospect. This gentleman, whose name is Warren, says he finds the men much more beautiful than the women,—a strange error enough, is it not? but I presume it results from the women having been pictured to him as perfect angels, the men as monsters of ugliness. Imagination is a difficult stand-

ard to match, and one seldom finds any beauty equal to the description previously given of her. Upon the same principle it is that I lay down the rule for the benefit of my country cousins,—that the woman who veils her charms, and dresses modestly, is a thousand times more admired than she who bountifully exhibits her whole neck and shoulders to the public gaze, for the ideal always beats the real.

Tasso, a great authority with the ladies, bears me out in this, and will, I trust, make them submit patiently to the lecture I am reading them:—

"Deh mira, egli canto spuntar la rosa
Dal verde suo modesta e verginella,
Che mezzo aperta ancora e mezzo ascosa,
Quanto si mostra men tanto e piu bella!"*

* "Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose,
When scarce the leaves her early bud disclose;
When half inwrapt and half to view revealed,
She gives new pleasure from her charms concealed."
CAREY'S *Translation.*

Some of the edifices on the plains of Troy are very classic-looking buildings. The court-house and Presbyterian place of worship look like the Pantheon at Rome, or the Acropolis at Athens. On the opposite side of the river is an arsenal and a cannon-foundry.

I now descended from this modern Phrygian mount, the view from which is very extensive and very fine, and rode through several of Troy's most capacious streets, admired the Episcopal church, and gazed eagerly at Mrs. Willard's large establishment for young ladies,—but, alas! I could espy no fair Helens! I read with classical avidity the names of the burghers and their respective callings on their sign-posts; hoping to trace some Grecian etymologies, but my success was limited to the discovery of one semi-heroic name, "Tailoring done by *Darius Clapp*." This mode of announcing their trades is common:— "Tailoring, Smithing, Wheelwrighting, done by——."

I returned to the inn in time for dinner; the tables were crowded with handsome women and civil well-informed men. The viands were admirable, and the champagne well iced and excellent.

Politics were running tremendously high at Troy, as indeed they are every where; large flags were waving in different parts of the city, and *affiches*, in immense letters, announced that loco-foco and democratic committees were assembled! And we saw again to-day, as we had seen yesterday, log-huts and hard cider as symbolic of General Harrison; who from this I presume can *rough* it.

These devices, I believe, originated with the adverse party: they turned up their noses at him when he was first put forward, as an unknown Ohio back-woodsman, who lived in a log-hut, and drank nothing but hard cider. His friends turned the satire to good account, by proving that those simple habits would suit a republic, and

that his having sprung from the people, and lived like them, would enable him to understand and administer to their wants better than any one else. So they adroitly turned the tables upon their opponents by making Ohio buck-eye, hard cider, and log-huts, the rallying symbols for his party.

Taking a most affectionate leave of our very civil and very intelligent host, who had entertained us with some interesting scenes which took place at the surrender of Saratoga, we got into the train, which halted close to the door of the hotel, and were hurried along at a *slashing pace* till we got to Ballston springs, where we exchanged cars, with some noise and considerable bustle, and took our seats in those for Saratoga. The distance being only seven miles, we were soon there.

On getting out at the station, and walking along the large gallery, I observed a very tall, handsome, well-set-up, soldier-like

personage, who had also stepped out from one of the railroad carriages. I could not mistake his gallant bearing and keen eye; and I immediately whispered to one of my companions, "I'll bet a thousand that's General Scott!" I knew him at once from my kind friend Sir John Harvey's repeated description of him; and by the same token they very much resemble each other. We followed him down the avenue to the United States Hotel. On our way we encountered a black barber, that most prominent person on board steamers, and who is to be found living near all American hotels. He was standing at his shop door, officiating in the double capacity of a porter or *suisse*, and gave us the desired information that the personage in question was no other than General Scott himself.

I went to my room, made my toilet, found my letter, and soon after took my place at a tea-table of immense length, and filled with

fair women and brave men. At the upper end I espied the General and one of his staff in close conversation with a gentleman and lady, whom one of the numerous ebony-coloured attendants informed me were General and Mrs. Macomb of the United States army.

Tea being over, the company proceeded in groups to the large, handsome, well-carpeted, well-sofaed, well-mirrored saloon —I don't see why I should not add syllables to words as well as the Americans. Thither I was preparing to follow, letter in hand, when I was stopped by meeting some fellow-soldiers from the Canadian army, whom I had formerly known in the Mediterranean, and who introduced their companions to me.

This operation concluded, I approached the General, mentioned my name, and handed him the missive with which I was charged by his friend the Governor of New

Brunswick. He received me most cordially, immediately presenting me to the Commander-in-chief of the American army, General Macomb, and his lady. He then begged I would introduce him to all my brother officers.

When I had done so, he took my arm, led me round the room, and presented me to all the influential people present. Among the most agreeable of whom were the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, his wife, and sister-in-law. Our party had been placed near them at the tea-table, and had been filled with admiration of the fine features and intellectual countenance of the youngest of the ladies.

I had a long and interesting conversation with General Scott about Sir John Harvey, "his dear friend," as he styled him. On my remarking the strong resemblance there was between them, although he was by much the taller man,

he told me a circumstance that occurred many years before, when he was Adjutant-general of the American army, Sir John of the English. On crossing the St. Lawrence to Quebec for a morning visit, he had got dreadfully wet, and being wind-bound, was forced to wear Sir John Harvey's clothes till he could get others made. He added, with a laugh, that it was certainly a tight fit.

General Scott regretted being obliged to go to a great dinner at Troy the day after to-morrow; to which he urged me to accompany him, but I declined. He then talked of getting up a little country party for my friends and myself before his departure: gave me a plan for my future route, which, he said, if I would come to his room after breakfast to-morrow, he would put on paper for me, and would also prepare some letters of introduction.

He touched on the Boundary question,

and explained his views of it, and treated me with all the frankness and familiarity of an old friend; talked about his Scotch pedigree, &c. In short, we were as great friends as if we had known each other for years; and I pronounce him to be one of the finest fellows I ever was acquainted with.

Abruptly bringing this long yarn to a close,

I remain, &c.

LETTER XIV.

Increase of Good Feeling between England and America—Saratoga—Touring Instructions from General Scott—Excursion to Saratoga Lake—Dinner Party—The Queen—The Duke—Sir John Harvey—Speech by General Scott—America's Treatment of her Officers—Peace and War—Wise Views of the Americans on this Subject—General Scott's Reception by the President after the Border Difficulties—Slavery Question.

Saratoga Springs, Sept. 4th, 1840.

My dear S——,

Horace Walpole says, with his usual liveliness of expression, and with more than his usual feeling, "As a man, I feel my humanity more touched than my spirit. I feel myself more an universal man than an Englishman! We have already lost seven millions of money and thirty thousand men

in the Spanish war, and all the fruit of all this blood and treasure is the glory of having Admiral Vernon's head on alehouse signs! For my part I would not purchase another Duke of Malborough at the expense of one life. How I should be shocked were I a hero, when I looked on my laurelled head on a medal, the reverse of which would be widows and orphans! How many such will our patriots have made!"

Now, I will take the witty lord's words as the text of this night's lucubration; in which I hope to prove to you the good feelings and friendly relations which, I am convinced, are *spontaneously springing* up between old England and her trans-Atlantic daughter! But to commence *en règle*. Before attacking an American breakfast, I took a walk; and a "long pull and a strong pull" of the Iodine Spring—very pleasant tipple, and now coming into vogue, and likely to supplant the Congress Spring.

Really Saratoga is a mighty pretty place; and the United States Hotel a splendid establishment. The company are beginning to drop off, but those who remain are very agreeable.

I got late to the breakfast-table, but kind, amiable General Scott, the Nestor of America (*less in point of age than from his inestimable qualities*), had taken care I should not have *short commons*, and had warned one of the sable attendants to have an especial eye to my well-doing. I fared admirably therefore, and after breakfast went to the General's quarters, where a map was produced, my route traced, and many interesting particulars pointed out to me of the rapid rise of the different towns through which I should pass. He then handed me an explanatory memorandum; and as a proof of my high regard for you I will send you the original handwriting of the gallant soldier who is one day to be Pre-

sident.* We then sauntered together to the Congress Spring, and thence to Monsieur Edward, who cuts out profiles and is celebrated far and wide for his admirable selection of public characters. Monsieur Edward is as glibe with his tongue as with his scissors and was vastly entertaining.

I persuaded General Scott to give me his likeness to carry to Sir John Harvey, and Monsieur Edward did me the honour to

* *Memoranda for the route to the Falls.*—To Schenectady, the junction of the railroads; thence by railroad to Utica.—*Bagg's Hotel.* From Utica visit Trenton Falls; return to Utica, and thence by railroad to Auburn; thence by Cayuga Lake, Seneca Falls, Waterloo, and Geneva, to Canandaigua; here call on Mr. Gregg, a Scotch gentleman (who, I believe, has returned from Europe), and on the Honourable Mr. Granger. From Canandaigua, take coach to Rochester; thence by railroad to Batavia, by coach to Lockport, by railroad to the Falls.—*Cataract House.* Call on General Porter, ex-M. C., ex-secretary of war, and who served in the Niagara campaign of 1814. He is unfortunately becoming deaf.—W. S.

place my ugly phiz in his collection. Whilst he was so employed, my talented friend the captain, whom we found there, took a most successful portrait of the artist.

The General left me here; and later in the day I again went to him by appointment, when he handed me several letters of introduction for the most influential persons at the different places we were to visit. We then proceeded round the Colonade and through the gardens of the hotel to collect our forces. Two carriages had been provided. I went with General Macomb in the first, who *en route* was very instructive and entertaining. We had with us Captain N—— and Doctor M—— of the 66th regiment. Our party consisted of General Macomb, General Scott, five brother officers whom I had presented to the Generals on the previous evening, and myself. Major B——, Captain O——, and Mr. S——, went with General Scott.

The country we passed through was fine, but apparently lately "settled:" and our drive to Saratoga Lake was a short one. The Lake is about nine miles in length, with pretty scenery; and the inn, placed in a sequestered spot, seemed to be fitted up tastefully and comfortably. The drawing-room exhibited many patriotic prints, such as the "Battle of Bunker's Hill," and the "Surrender at Saratoga."

I had pointed out to me the country General Burgoyne had passed through, and the *cul de sac* in which he was caught. The innkeeper at Troy had given me an anecdote characteristic of the fierce times in which the battle was fought, and how high savage animosities then were; all of which are now happily smouldering away. He told me that General Fraser, who was second to General Burgoyne, shewed so much spirit, *dash*, and talent, that Benedict Arnold gave special orders to his rifle-

men to single him out and shoot him like a dog.

How different this from the noble conduct of one of our present entertainers! In the last American war, Sir John Harvey was opposed to Winfield Scott. Sir John's noble bearing and gallant disregard of danger attracted the notice of his adversary; and General Scott gave orders to his riflemen not to draw a trigger against so fine a fellow. Is not the contrast complete? but

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."

Saratoga and its annals have always had charms for me. My first commanding officer, Colonel W. P. Smith, of the Royal Artillery, when I was very *verdant* indeed, and swallowed every thing, used to give me most marvellous stories of the scenes there enacted.

Our dinner consisted of two courses of fish and *three* of game, with abundance of

iced champagne; General Macomb sitting as president, General Scott as vice.

After the wine had been a short time in circulation, General Macomb gave "The Queen of England, and may she be the mother of a race of kings!" and added, with a good-humoured air, "As she is queen of the waters, I propose, in compliment, to add a little water to my wine." I need not say that this compliment was well received.

He next gave "The Duke of Wellington and the British army;" after which General Scott addressed the party as follows:—

"There is one toast, gentlemen, which I claim as my own—a toast which I cannot allow any one to give but myself; I allude to the distinguished officer who holds the government of New Brunswick. Our country found him a gallant foeman during the late war, and it was my good fortune to find him a warm and especial friend when that conflict had ceased.

"In naming Sir John Harvey, I name an individual who not only well represents his country in its government, but also in its courtesies and polish; and where will you meet a character more to be admired and respected than this noble specimen of the high-born English gentleman? Yes, I pronounce him noble by Nature's stamp, and I hope, ere long, to hear of his becoming so in another sense, by the letters patent of his royal mistress, as the just reward of his valuable military and civil services.

"He has recently preserved the peace of two great nations: he has preserved, by his wise policy, those friendly relations which ought ever to exist between mother and daughter; and in averting the evils of war between Great Britain and America, he has not only aided the best interests of humanity, but may be said to have preserved the peace of the whole world. I drink, gentlemen, most cordially to the health of Sir John Harvey, and I am satisfied that you

will respond to my toast in brimming glasses."

Captain O—— being provided, as he always is, with pencil and paper, for the purpose of sketching, took down this speech in short-hand at the moment of its delivery, and subsequently submitted it to General Scott himself, who, far from being offended, smiled and said, "I see, sir, that to your other accomplishments you add that of being an excellent and faithful reporter."

I then rose, and in a few words returned thanks for the compliments paid to myself and the other British officers present in the several toasts that had been proposed, but more especially for that to Sir John Harvey; and said, that I should feel it my duty to convey to that distinguished officer the warm, friendly, and flattering sentiments which General Scott had expressed, and which could not fail to be productive of the highest gratification to him.

This delightful feast concluded,—which,

as far as the luxuries of the table were concerned, greatly excelled the *Rocher de Cancale*, and which, as an intellectual treat, will never be erased from my recollection,—we had an admirable cigar and a cup of *first-rate* mocha; when an interesting conversation ensued about the different services of Europe: but this is a delicate subject, and I will only state that General Scott's pay as a major-general was 1500*l.* a-year; and if he went on half-pay, his wounds would entitle him, in addition, to a pension equal to that of a field-officer in our service, 300*l.* a-year.

He commands on the Canadian frontier, but that is nothing when compared with the vast extent of territory over which his *control* reaches. It ranges from the confines of Mexico to the end of the State of Maine!

I returned with General Scott, as did the two friends who had come with me, so that one party went with the Commander-in-chief, the other returned with him. There seemed

something attentive and well-bred in this arrangement which shewed an absence of all exclusive feeling.

On our road home the conversation turned upon the subject of peace or war, on which General Scott spoke in a noble and disinterested manner. He said he never could believe that any Englishmen would wish to see their country plunged in war for the chance of getting a riband or a star, nor would the greatest reward that his country could give induce him to desire it.

He then expatiated on the great loss that would be sustained by both countries; that America took annually seventeen millions of our manufactures; and that, although his country had the expectation this year of a most superabundant harvest, and many speculators expected England to have a bad one, yet still the idea that any advantage to America could result from a rupture with us was a mistaken one, for he considered the

interests of the two nations to be so blended, that on the prosperity of England depended that of the United States, arguing from the great effect a dearth would have on the currency question. This he did clearly and forcibly, but I have neither time nor political economy enough at my fingers' ends to do his argument justice.

He then spoke with great animation of the strong wish of the President, of the Congress, and of the country generally, to preserve peace with England; in illustration of which he described to me, but without any ostentation, the manner he was received on his return from adjusting the border differences with his "valued friend, Sir John Harvey." On reaching Washington, he said, the President requested him to fix a day to dine with him; this he respectfully declined, and Mr. Van Buren then named one, inviting all the cabinet ministers and foreign diplomatists to meet him, which was

specified in their cards of invitation. He was placed on the right hand of the President, who took wine with him first, and all the ambassadors in rotation asked him, as a tacit acknowledgment that their respective governments were desirous of peace, and that all approved of his efforts to maintain it.

This conversation originated in my having mentioned that Sir John Harvey had received the thanks of the Queen's government on the occasion. He smiled when I compared his own reception to a Roman ovation, and when I adverted to the compliment that had once been paid to *the* Duke when he entered the House of Commons.

He mentioned, as another conclusive proof of the good feeling of the country, that not much business was done in Congress on the day he reached Washington, and that most of the members came to him to greet him; and he ended by again emphatically repeating, " I only mention these circumstances to

prove the sincere desire of my country for peace."

We went home with him, and, after tea, he got up a whist-party for us; and both he and the good-humoured Commander-in-chief, who has much wit and *naïveté* of manner, permitted Captain O—— to take their likenesses; and a most agreeable evening concluded a delightful and interesting day.

General Scott entered with me very fully into the Boundary question and his views regarding it; and ended by saying, "his friend Harvey and he could settle it in half an hour over their first bottle of wine."

He also spoke of his treaties with the Indians. A detestation of chicanery, and a love of fair and open dealing, characterised all he said. I had long known that General Scott was looked up to as a first-rate soldier, highly talented, and one of the most conscientious, honourable, and upright men

that breathe. Personal observation has convinced me that he well deserves his high reputation, and his kindness to me I shall never forget.

Adieu.

LETTER XV.

Mr. Davies and Anecdotes of former Days—Washington—His Habits of Business—Bet regarding a Note written by him—Lords formerly, and still, in high Consideration—Lord Napier and the old Lady—Elbow-room—Society at Saratoga.

Saratoga, Sept. 5, 1840.

"L'UNE des marques de la médiocrité de l'esprit est de toujours conter," says La Bruyère; but I must beg leave to differ from him, for the assertion was fully contradicted in the person of Mr. Davies, who was one of our whist-party last evening, and who is a most agreeable man, and author of several popular works, but so desperately fond of story-telling, that start any subject you will, and he has a story ready to match it.

I did duty this morning as a listener,

whilst he and General Macomb kept up the ball in grand style. The latter commanded at Platzburg, of which he gave us one or two curious anecdotes; but those which Mr. Davies related of Washington were particularly interesting. Many of them shewed the minuteness and precision with which that pre-eminently great man did every thing: his habit of noting down the most trifling events, and keeping copies of every line he wrote; even recording the different items expended on the purchase of a bonnet for his wife, and making a copy of his letter to her on the occasion. Mr. Davies forcibly contrasted this triviality with the stern dignity with which he treated a corps of discontented officers, and the beautiful military letter he addressed to them when they threatened to resign because a junior had been placed over their heads by brevet, and a command given to him.

He gave us another anecdote strongly

illustrating this extreme exactness in Washington, and upon which a considerable bet had been made. A Mr. Belnass, son of the historian of New Hampshire, was shewing with exultation a kind note he had received, when a boy at school, from the great Washington. Belnass, the father, had died before the publication of his history, and his widow wrote to Washington, stating that the work had been completed before her husband's death, and that she purposed publishing it to the best of her ability, and requesting to know if he was still willing to take the number of copies for which he had originally subscribed. The reply was sent to her son. It was plain, simple, kind, and condoling, and of course expressing his intention to abide by his engagement; but, although now a valuable document, it was in itself a mere unimportant note. The person to whom it was shewn, knowing the extraordinary habits of this extraordinary man,

laid a wager that a copy of it would be found amongst Washington's papers.

Accordingly the party proceeded to Mr. Sparkes, to whom the government had confided the arrangement of them. When the story was told, Mr. Sparkes led them into apartments filled with papers of all kinds—cards of invitation, correspondence with statesmen and kings, washerwomen's bills, diplomatic documents, familiar notes, and legislative treaties. Mr. Sparkes looked at the note, acknowledged it to be the handwriting of Washington, and said, "Yes, there is a copy of it;" and, suiting the action to the word, immediately produced it; and, what was still more curious, there happened to be an erasure and correction in the original, and the same was exhibited in the copy.

Mr. Davies gave us many anecdotes of Washington at Westpoint, of Arnold and Andrews, of Burgoyne and Saratoga. The

last subject I threw a fly for, and raised, by telling a story I had heard from my early friend, Colonel W. P. Smith, shewing the wonder and respect the sight of a lord created in the olden time in America, and which, by the bye, from what I can perceive, is not very greatly abated. The aristocracy of wealth is as nothing in this country to that of birth; and all and every one with whom I have conversed labour to trace their pedigree to the old country, and generally to the highest and most illustrious families amongst us. My story ran thus:—

After the surrender at Saratoga, when we were *en route* I think for Boston, Colonel Smith, who was always a gay, mirth-loving fellow, met an old lady at the country town where they halted, who told him that, hearing there was an English lord amongst them, she had left her home and travelled more than a hundred miles to get a sight of him.

The Colonel immediately seized her by the arm, and led her into a room, where young Lord Napier was — a delicate, raw, meagre-looking lad; and whilst the old woman stood on tiptoe, brimful of anxiety, he laid hold of this sickly young sprig of nobility, and lugged him forth. The old lady gazed on him for a long time with looks of surprise and disappointment, and exclaimed, clasping her hands together, "Well, if this be an English lord, I hope I may never see a lord again, till I see the Lord Jehovah!"

My story touched the right chord; and Mr. Davies, from his abundant stores, proceeded to state that General Burgoyne used to explain to the country people, before he was captured, that he came to *befriend them*, and only wanted a little *elbow room*, which soon became a by-word, "We'll give him elbow room by and bye."

After the capitulation, General Burgoyne was residing as a guest with Ranssalaer, whose son, then a little boy, very pretty and very clever, made a hit at our amiable General, which is still repeated. Burgoyne had taken a great fancy to this child, whose father shewed him much respect and hospitality, notwithstanding he had but a short time before burnt his house to the ground.

After dinner, one day, the boy was brought in, and placed on the table: he began skipping about amongst the glasses, and became very uproarious, when his father ordered him to be removed. Before he was taken off, however, he put his little arms out, as if clearing the way; and, looking archly at the captured General, exclaimed, "Make way there! General Burgoyne wants elbow room!" There was also another story about Burgoyne and Boston; but enough of this.

The *élite* at the baths left cards for us. I had a most agreeable chat with Mrs. Macomb, who knows every body and every thing. The General is kindness itself. We have had many military conversations together; and he has presented me with his work, containing "Manœuvres for, and Instructions to, the Militia Force."

Mr. Bedish and his amiable family I have already made mention of: he is President of the Council and of the Court of Errors, at present sitting at Saratoga; has seen much of the world, and is a most polished and well-informed gentleman.

Within about two miles of this place are congregated about 4000 mountebank Methodists, commonly called Campers; but, as I have fed you, *ad nauseam*, with Shaking Quakers, I will not inflict this sauntering sect upon you. They have been often described.

We had in the saloon this evening some excellent music; among the rest, the performance of a young man on two different instruments of his own invention, was truly admirable. Their names have already escaped my memory; but the skill and enthusiasm of their inventor excited the admiration of every one.

It is Saturday night — sacred every where to wives and sweethearts, and doubly sacred when the Atlantic separates you from them.

Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

Mineral Waters — Delights of Saratoga — Revolutionary Reminiscences — Presbyterians — Universalists — General Macomb — Mr. Davies — Reception of British Officers in America — Frequency of Desertion among the Soldiers — General Scott.

United States Hotel, Saratoga,
Sunday, Sept. 6, 1840.

My dear S——,

I like variety so much, that this morning I sipped at ten different springs; and went to listen to the doctrines of two distinct persuasions: that done, I paid particular attention to the *batterie de cuisine*, so ably directed in this establishment by the celebrated French artist, Mons. Blanchard; and have concluded the day by taking a charming warm bath at the Putnam Spring.

The healing qualities of these waters, of

which I believe there are nineteen or twenty varieties in all, were first shewn by the aborigines to their protector and friend, Sir W. Johnson, who was carried there on a litter in 1767, and was restored to health. At that time, it is said, bears, wolves, and mouse-deer abounded; and that beavers and salmon-trout were to be found in plenty in the stream, which was then lined with Indian huts. General Putnam was the first that became a permanent settler at this place.

You may like to know what the water is composed of. I copied the following from a board stuck up at the Congress Spring:—

Muriate of Soda.....	103	grains.
Carbonate of Lime...	27½	—
Magnesia	17	—
Muriate of Lime	3½	—
Magnesia	4¾	—
Oxide of Iron	½	—
Carbonic Acid Gas ..	66	cubic in.
Azotic Gas.....	2	—

This I believe is the analysis of one quart of water: and to the good that all this will do you are added a fine air, bubbling waters, a healthful situation, agreeable company, good dinners, nice drives, constant concerts and balls, with splendid fishing and admirable shooting in the immediate vicinity.

Besides, the whole *élite* of the Union is here assembled in the season, — men the most distinguished, and women the most beautiful; and you can make most interesting excursions in all directions — to Saratoga Lake, to Lake George, to Fish Creek, Schuylerville, Still Water, and Bemus Heights; where it may be said the fate of America was settled, when Burgoyne, after carrying the strong works at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, advanced down the valley of the Hudson, driving all before him, to Still Water, where the sanguinary action of the 19th September, 1777,

was fought, which destroyed the charm of invincibility, and finally led to the discomfiture at Freeman's Farm, on the 7th of October, where the gallant Fraser fell, and where the Baroness Reidesdel displayed such devotion and tenderness.

The moral effect of these two triumphs no doubt gave an animation to the cause that thrilled through the Union, and ultimately led to the independence of this great country, whose influence on the whole world has yet to be felt in its full extent.

After breakfast, to make up for my late rather miscellaneous devotions, I went, as in duty bound, to the Episcopal Church. It was shut, so I followed the crowd to the Presbyterian one, where I heard an admirable sermon preached on the Resurrection. The pews were crowded to excess, as the good folks of America, like myself, did not choose to be balked. I observed the Commander-in-chief and his lady, and all the

fashionables I knew. In the evening, I entered another meeting-house, which I found to be an assemblage of Universalists. Their creed, that all will be saved, would be a very agreeable one, could you be sure it was correct. At all events, their minister, Mr. Hathaway delivered himself well; and, indeed, both the clergymen whom I have heard to-day, seem devout and earnest in their calling, and expressed themselves with clearness and in simple and affecting language.

In the evening, Mrs. Macomb amused me with her travels in France and Scotland: her remarks on the latter were rather pungent, and not altogether flattering. The General made me acquainted with the construction of their army and their internal military economy, and gave me a letter to the director of their great military establishment at West Point; and we have made an arrangement to meet again at Buffalo. With

General Scott I have also an appointment at New York.

Mr. Davies was again the life of the party; and entertained us with innumerable anecdotes of Daniel Webster, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Pattieson, and Jerome Buonaparte; but I dare not attempt to give them to you.

As we intend progressing early to-morrow, we have taken leave of our numerous friends; and I shall quit these agreeable baths with great regret.

British officers seem to have made a most favourable impression on these amiable and kind-hearted people; and the ladies talked with enthusiasm of a Major ——, who had brought over a part of his regimental band during the summer, to enliven them. Rather a dangerous experiment, methinks! for we know but too well, that the British soldier, the moment he treads American ground, can throw off his allegiance to his

Queen and country. Now I am inclined to think that this American illustration of Curran's famous rhapsody, about the fetters of the slave bursting asunder the instant that he sets his foot on British ground, would not be particularly acceptable at the Horse Guards.

On this very subject I had a long correspondence with the American authorities, when I commanded on the disputed frontier, which I submitted to Sir John Harvey, and in which my object was to put an end, if possible — as I think it is — to the degrading system of desertion from both services.

General Scott spoke nobly and feelingly when I adverted to the difficulty of the position of the British commanding officer, had any of these musicians been bribed not to return. "It was impossible!" he said; "American honour was pledged; there was not a man in the country who would have

harboured them; not a man but would have assisted in delivering them up!"

Another characteristic, and I have done. I have told you that here, as at all *Tables d'hôte,* the custom is to take a certain place and keep it: mine was next to the agreeable family of the lieutenant-governor, and I considered it secure. However, on one occasion one of the ladies was handed in by a gentleman, and took her seat next me. The gentleman immediately said, "You have got my place, sir; for I have only been accidentally absent for a day:" on which, conceiving he was some near relation, as the fair American had tripped in arm-in-arm with him, I instantly gave way; for doing which I got tremendously scolded by both the ladies, who expressed their astonishment that a British soldier would give up his post so easily; and my rival, Mr. S——, was called over the coals also for displacing a stranger. I pleaded ignorance of the cus-

tom; and he politely and good-humouredly gave up the enviable post to me during the rest of my stay.

He was a clever, agreeable, and gentlemanlike person; an ex-member of Congress; and one of the Executive Council of the State of York. He has given me a letter to the Director of the State Prison at Auburn, which will, I have no doubt, facilitate my investigations in that pattern of all gaols.

Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

Railroad from Saratoga to Utica—Ballston Springs—Scenectedy—Railroad Refreshment Rooms—Rapidity of Movement—Amsterdam—Port Jackson—Johnston Ville—Sir William Johnston and the Indian Chief—Dreams—The Little Falls—West Canada Creek—Mohawk River—Militia Drilling—Military Freaks—UTICA—A Man's Dinner hangs upon a Minute—Commerce of Utica—More Militia men—White Negroes—Johnston's Long-boat—Birds—Louis XVI.—Drive to Trenton—View of the Falls by Moonlight.

Trenton Falls, Sept. 7, 1840.

"There was mounting 'mongst Grœmes of the Netherby clan!
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran!"

SUCH beating of drums, such mustering of troops, such saddling of White Surreys, and such a hurry-skurry I never before witnessed! This has been one of the *three*

days on which the militia muster for drill. But avast! I must first get you under way from "Saratoga Shaw, man."

We hurried to the breakfast-table — Captain O—— of course the last, being probably detained by taking a parting sketch of some of the beauties, animate and inanimate, of the place; and then we hurried to the cars, taking our seats therein at half past seven A.M.; and before we had time to look about us, we were at Ballston Springs. Here the bustle and confusion of changing cars and looking after baggage commenced; and, from the bungling manner in which it was performed, was perfectly confounding, and I very nearly lost my servant and my luggage also. This operation over, we were pushed on to Scenectedy, and, before we arrived at it, we fell in with the Mohawk river at a point where two bridges are thrown across it; and we continued close to this river until we got to Utica.

Scenectedy is a very old town, and has a

splendid seminary lately finished, called Union College; it is presided over by Dr. Nott, the great improver upon steam. This ancient city was first founded by the Dutch, and formed a frontier fortress. About the middle of the seventeenth century it was attacked by a party of French and Indians from Canada, when the greater part of it was burned, and many of its inhabitants murdered.

It is now large and thriving, and likely to continue so, having the treble advantage of the Erie Canal, the railroad, and the Mohawk river, all passing through it. The first-named splendid work, which they are going to double and to deepen, runs in a parallel direction with the Mohawk and the railroad, through the whole of this rich vale, a distance of eighty miles, to Utica. The Dutch settlers from hence commenced the progress of civilisation along the entire extent of the fertile valley of the Mohawk,

once the seat of war, and the bloody scene of many a murderous and scalping feud; the Mohawks having been the most warlike and fierce of all the Indian tribes.

The streets and markets of Scenectedy at one end of this beautiful valley, and of Utica at the other, shew its productiveness; and the periodical rise of the Mohawk, which meanders through it, gives these favoured cities most plentiful crops: peaches, pumpkins, melons, grapes, apples, pears, tomatoes, and Indian corn, all are in abundance.

The refreshment rooms at the different stations along the whole line of the railroad afford an animated spectacle; where, during the short period the cars halt, you observe two or three hundred people lining the tables, the national rapidity of mastication being here fourfold. All of a sudden they are seen flying, helter-skelter, at the tingling of a bell. "All aboard" is then bellowed along the line, and off she goes!

When any thing is observed by the conductor which is likely to impede the progress of the engine, such as sheep, cows, &c. the most frightful sounds are sent forth, which I can compare to nothing earthly but the war-cry of the Indians; and when I first heard it, I expected nothing short of being scalped *instanter*.

We met with a most instructive and agreeable traveller on his way to Ohio, who had long sojourned in the valley, and gave me much useful local information as we passed along. Nothing can be more beautiful and varied than the bold mountain scenery through which we passed; at one moment the road being shut in by perpendicular rocks, which suddenly expand into undulating hills and rich pastures. The abrupt and projecting precipices are mostly of limestone; and at several quarries numerous gangs of men were obtaining stone to complete the improvements of the Erie Canal.

We stopped a short time at Amsterdam; opposite which is the pretty village of Port Jackson, the two being joined together by a covered bridge, of which there are many on this line. Near it you can distinctly trace the debris of an old fort which belonged to the Mohawk Indians; and you can also see a chapel, said to have been built by order of Queen Anne about the beginning of the last century, for the advantage of this warlike nation. It still bears her name.

At Schoharie Creek there is a new aqueduct forming to carry passage-boats across its rapid stream. Creek in this country means a river or outlet, not, as in ours, an inlet or nook. Soon after leaving this point we came to Trips, or, as it is now termed, Tribes Hill; which betokens the Dutch to be a *straight-forward people* indeed, for they have carried the road right over the mountain; whereas, by winding round it, or

coasting along its side, they would have made the passage commodious.

We soon approached a fine building named Fundy's Court House, which we had seen from a great distance; there we stopped to water, and found another eating bazaar. The Indian name of this sweet spot was Caughnawaga — what Goths they were to change it! as they have many others. To be sure, Scenectedy and Albany had two jaw-breaking names; the first Con-nugh-harie-gugh-harie, meaning a great multitude called together; the second, Schaghnach-taka-da, or beyond the Pine plains.

We likewise stopped at Johnston Ville, and had a view of a mountain, which they said resembled St. Anthony's nose. I suppose I am no judge of noses, for the resemblance did not strike me. The Johnston family had great possessions in this neighbourhood, which they lost at the commencement of the revolutionary war. Preferring

their loyalty to their interest, as all good men ought, they abandoned their homes and became devoted Royalists, fighting, as the Highland laddie, young Donald of Dundee, did, for "King George upon his throne."

The house that Colonel Guy Johnston built was pointed out to me; and one of our fellow-passengers gave us an anecdote illustrative of the tact with which another brother, Sir William Johnston, had met the cunning of the Indians, and greatly increased the possessions of his family in this region.

An Indian chief early one morning came to him, and told him that he had dreamed, —and dreams were then, and still are, laws with the Indians,—that he had given him a fine laced red cloth cloak, which Sir William wore. The cloak was immediately given. A day or two afterwards, however, the baronet was seized with a dreaming fit: he dreamt that the Mohawk chief had pre-

sented him with a large tract of rich land; and this the Indian gave up with equal cheerfulness! The aforesaid Sir William rose to considerable eminence as a general, and had great power over the Indians. In 1759 he took Fort Niagara; and in 1769 joined General Amherst at Oswego, and assisted at the capture of Montreal.

We were now hurled onwards toward the Little Falls, a sweet, romantic, and interesting spot: but before entering the village we crossed the West Canada Creek river, which here flows at a reasonable and respectful pace, very unlike the angry, rushing, tearing, boiling, jumping chap whom I soon afterwards became acquainted with at Trenton Falls; where he is all impatience to reach his friend the Mohawk.

But to proceed. West Falls is truly picturesque; and here the Mohawk is seen forcing itself through rocks, as if it participated in the feelings of the West Canada

to unite themselves in one; for before the beautiful burst it here makes, it had been winding its way in the most calm and sluggish manner. Their union is made at a spot adapted from its rich yet retired beauty for love and lovers. It strongly reminded me of Killen near Loch Tay, and brought the dear friends of my youth to my remembrance, with whom I had trudged through the Highlands.

Here you can enjoy trout-fishing and jewel-hunting; for the rivers are well stocked, and abundance of beautiful rock crystals are to be picked up, which would outrival our Cairngorums. Plaster of Paris (gypsum) is also found here in abundance.

The whole of this day we have been passing through bands of warriors, and such drilling, such manœuvring, I have seldom before witnessed! Here you see the drill-serjeant, in his smock-frock, with a large cudgel in his hand, d—ing, swearing, fugeling,

throwing himself into the most grotesque attitudes, and working himself up to a perfect military frenzy, whilst his pupils seem to take it very coolly.

The dresses of some of these militia heroes were most comical. On their plain coats they had sewn two large lumps of white worsted, to represent epaulettes. Some had caps; but others round hats, in which they stuck most tremendously long white feathers. This playing at soldiers, as some of our facetious fellow-passengers styled it, procured us many amusing Yankee yarns. One fellow told us of a militia corps, formed by a Colonel Pluck, where the men had swords ten feet long, and a trumpet twelve. This troop was formed some years ago at Westpoint as a satire on the system.

Another passenger said he had lately seen, at that establishment, a cannon cast, weighing ten tons, which would carry a ball of 120 lbs. ten miles; and that this was the

freak of an individual whom he described as having more money than brains.

We soon found ourselves in the fine city of Utica, and at Baggs' Hotel, where we met with a most kind reception. This house is magnificently fitted up, and admirably regulated, and leaves nothing to complain of but the abominable *fastness of their feasts*. Really, if I had not been initiated into the national habit, I should have imagined, in these hot, electioneering, Harrisonian, Van Burenite times, that a great political wager was about to be decided, and that the parties pitted against each other had determined to settle the Presidential contest by eating instead of voting.

Both sides of an immensely long table were crowded with people, stuffing themselves as if for life or death. I never before beheld such a gormandizing struggle! I at length got a place, and sat down in the midst of them, to view their operations and

eat my dinner; but, before I had finished my soup, the whole party, as if by magic, had vanished, and, alas! the viands with them! I thus fell a victim to my desire, on coming out of the smoke and dust of a locomotive, to purify myself and sit down to my meal with clean hands. I had been warned of my danger by the pealing of a huge bell, which, in this house, is the signal for action, when all hurry to their gastronomic games. A gong generally gathers the combatants together; and if it happens to be a cracked one, the sound of it is enough to frighten away the strongest appetite.

We walked through Utica, a city which has sprung up within a few years. Its situation is beautiful, being surrounded by an amphitheatre of undulating and fruitful hills. The streets are broad and regular; and the Mohawk River and Erie Canal pass through the town. In our stroll we saw

hundreds of canal-boats, part laden with the produce of the interior, ready to start eastward; whilst others, full of foreign merchandise, were bound towards the west. The population is about 14,000: there are four academies, and numberless schools and churches.

In Chancellor Square, a very fine one, we saw more military manœuvrings; and certainly more awkward gentry I never beheld; but what can you expect, when only three days in each year are set apart for instruction? The chaps, notwithstanding the blustering of their military Mentor, were all whiffing cigars and amusing themselves. I admit that some of the uniform companies are in a much better state of discipline. Their dragoons reminded me of the times of Oliver Cromwell; for these cavaliers have red jackets, or jerkins, cut in the oldest fashion, with yellow doublets, and yellow breeches, and immensely long red

feathers, stuck on most uncooth-looking caps. We had "Patrick's Day" and "Yankee-Doodle" from every band we fell in with; and where there was no band, an outrageous thumping of drums supplied the deficiency.

We visited the Museum, to look at two white negroes born of jet black parents. They certainly had the woolly hair and flat noses common to the African race, yet still were perfectly white; but I was more taken with the long-boat of the celebrated Bill Johnston, who was so troublesome a customer among the hundred islands in the years 1837 and 1838. It is a splendid ten-oared gig,—for so it might be called from its length and narrowness. The collection of the birds, shot in the immediate neighbourhood, is very interesting, and from their plumage they would all appear to belong to the species met with in tropical climates.

I was surprised at finding in this republican museum a representation of the "Martyrdom of Louis XVI." I thought it in bad taste; for surely the most zealous republican must regret that his favourite form of government should have been preluded by so revolting a tragedy. My humble opinion is, that the day is not distant when the monarchial principle will be re-established and triumphant through this great continent. Every thing, as it appears to me, tends to this, as well as to the termination of the federal government.

Our landlord having procured us a carriage, we left our luggage with him and drove across the Delafield Hills by the road that leads to Sackett's Harbour on Lake Ontario. Turning off from this, we passed through the village of Trenton, and were put down at the Rural Retreat at Trenton Falls, the thunder of which I could hear distinctly as I smoked a cigar and

sucked a mint julep to refresh myself; whilst my more sober friends regaled themselves with tea.

It has been a most lovely evening, with the moon shining brightly; and I could not remain quiet, although a cripple from the stumbling of my horse on Mount Ida, and with my arm still in a sling from a serious injury received nearly two months ago. Still nothing daunted, I got a guide and a lantern, and poking my way through a dense forest, and down a most frightfully precipitous descent, then, crossing over the river on a fragile bridge, I found myself at length opposite the Great Falls of this mischievous little river; which furiously forces itself through rocks and chasms three hundred feet perpendicular. The deepness of the dell, the waving of the surrounding foliage, the noise of the cascades, and the brightness of the moon, rendered the scene

fairy-like and bewitching; and never in my life have I felt my mind more deeply impressed, than by the imperfect glimpse of the Falls which I have just enjoyed.

As I scrambled up the path, I listened with considerable interest to my conductor's account of the number of people who had lost their footing and their lives in broad daylight on this spot, upon all which the old fellow expatiated for the evident purpose of frightening me out of my wits. I got back, however, safe and sound; and failed not to exult over my more prudent companions.

During the whole of our drive to this place we met troopers and mounted militia men returning to their quiet homes after the military bustle of the day; some holloaing to us, "Who are you for?" others exclaiming, "Harrison for ever!" and at the houses at which we stopped to bait our horses, we

found that music, mirth, and capering, were the order of the day; according to the old song,

> "Now with weary marching spent,
> Dancing now before the tent;"

but no drunkards were to be seen.

With this valuable information regarding transatlantic sobriety, I will conclude this immoderately long letter.

Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

TRENTON FALLS. Fanny Elssler — Beauties of the Scenery — Dark-coloured Gentleman from Calcutta—His Theory of the World in General, and of Trenton Falls in Particular—How much may be effected by a single Pebble — Fatal Accidents — Miss Sondan—Miss Thorn—Treacherous Clearness of the Water — Fate of Dr. Bell—Advice to the Ladies—Certainty that it will not be attended to—Boon's Bridge.

Trenton Falls, Sept. 8th, 1840.

"I love the river's rapid flow,
I love the gales that o'er it blow,
I love its margin fringed with green,
Its waters' rushing, glancing sheen!"

YES, my dear S——, I love all this as vividly as I did when a holyday school-boy among our own dear hills; and early this morning I descended a rude flight of steps, cut out of the perpendicular rock, and found

myself on the margin of this enchanting little river, which throws itself into a thousand playful attitudes, more graceful and seductive than Fanny Elssler herself; who, by the bye, is absolutely worshipped in this country; all the people, in spite of their love of freedom, being proud to become her slaves,—nay, yoking themselves to the triumphal car of the fair Fanny, to do her homage; thus converting themselves into horses and other quadrupeds.

I have seen both the Elsslers; and I'll swear that it is not the power of beauty, although it may be that of imagination, which has enthralled and so servilely fascinated the susceptible youth of this northern hemisphere. All, however, that I venture to say on the occasion is, that if it be the poetry of motion that is the all-subduing cause, why then the West Canada Creek *has it hollow!*

In my descent to the river, I passed nu-

merous boys with hammers, chipping dark limestone rocks in search of marine shells and other fossil remains of antediluvian animals. I purchased some trilobites of these young quarry-men, as well as specimens of quartz.

Now that I had daylight to assist me, I found the descent, comparatively speaking, quite easy; and when you have any very difficult ledge to pass, there are chains riveted in the rocks for the purpose of supporting you.

The high, bold, and rocky precipices on each side are decked with variegated plants and rich foliage; amongst which I espied the modest heather bell of bonnie Scotland, blooming below the drooping branches of the graceful white cedar. The dense shade bade defiance to old Sol, scorching as were his rays every where else; and I spent the whole morning most agreeably in this lonely but delicious dell.

When you get up as high as the bridge, and pass it to have a better view of the great cataract, you can, by ascending a flight of stairs, arrive at a house where they vend the curiosities of the place, and where the view is sublime; opposite to this on the other bank, there is another building called the "Rural Retreat," which is placed so as almost to touch the top of this Fall.

There are trout in abundance, for no net can disturb them; and a good angler with a tempting "Martin Kelly" might do wonders.

In some parts the river is so confined in its course, that one could easily leap across it; at others it becomes bold and broad. Of all the places I ever saw in my somewhat extensive wanderings, this is the one to which fond lovers should repair; and it is, I believe, the great resort of all Cupid-stricken and honey-moon travellers. Even I, a grey-headed, solitary wanderer, was

resolved to be as romantic as I could; and put my neck in some jeopardy to scratch upon an almost inaccessible pinnacle two beloved names; and I am not ashamed to tell you they were those of my wife and daughter.

Let me assure you, for the benefit of all the timid dames and nervous young ladies of your acquaintance who may be desirous of visiting this sublime region, that notwithstanding all the stories which are told of the dangers to be encountered I this morning met a young lady perambulating some of the most dangerous passes, who was exceedingly lame, and on crutches: and whom should I soon after fall in with, perched on a pinnacle and holding on by a tall cedar which crowned its summit, but my Bostonian breakfast friend the dark-coloured gentleman from Calcutta! There he was peeping very composedly into the roaring cataract below.

As I had been more than three hours

alone and had nearly expended all my stock of admiration and romance, I was well pleased to meet with an acquaintance; and I could not have encountered a more instructive one. He had visited the place before, and took me up towards the "Rock's Heart" and "Jacob's Well." He was a geologist, and talked learnedly of univalves, bivalves, terebratulæ — of the formation of the world — of the Mosaic account of the creation *generally*, — and the manner in which this wonderful chasm must have been formed, in *particular*.

His theory is, that a pebble was first deposited in a chink of some stratum; which, being moved about by the water, widened its berth: then other pebbles came to its assistance, and so on they went scraping and washing about, until this *pretty considerable tarnation* chasm, two hundred and fifty feet deep, was the result. My learned friend, however, was somewhat shy of explaining how

the first pebble was brought into the field of action. Skipping over this little difficulty, he went on to calculate, that supposing an inch to have been annually gained by the rushing waters, it would take between five or six thousand years to produce the present effect; and this, he said, corresponded accurately enough with the Mosaic history. All this proved to me that my dark-coloured companion was not a Hindoo, as I at first conjectured. He also informed me that he believed this was the only place, either in Europe or America, where the trilobite had been obtained entire.

He then shewed me the place where Miss Sondan of New York, had slipped off in 1827. It appears a gentleman had left her on a rock about four feet square, for the purpose of looking after others of the party; and on his return the poor girl was missing: and he proceeded onwards with his companions, presuming she had gone

forward to join the rest of the party who were in advance. Soon after this he accidentally turned round, and the first thing that caught his eye was her bonnet floating in an opposite eddy. It is imagined either that she had become giddy, or that, in admiration of the awful scene around her, she had stepped back forgetting the narrow space on which she stood, and that one single step had precipitated her into the impetuous torrent: alas! she was never seen or heard of more.

Another fatal catastrophe was that of a Miss Thorn, which occurred about four years ago. At the fourth fall a man servant was helping her up a steep stair, at a point where you are forced to assist yourself by a chain; when, melancholy to relate, both slipped into the foaming stream. Miss Thorn was instantly swept to the opposite bank, and sank never to rise. The servant, as he was hurried down, was caught by a gentleman and saved.

The rapidity with which this treacherous but beautifully transparent stream runs is wonderful. You are almost tempted at this hot season to cool your feet by stepping into it where it passes over large slabs of table rock with scarcely half a foot of water on them. A Doctor Bell, fool-hardily, lost his life in this very way; for he instantly, on entering the water, had his legs swept from under him, and was dashed down the first fall and destroyed!

Having recounted these appalling disasters, I may as well add that I am convinced there is no danger if but common prudence be practised, and if there have been no recent freshets; yet still I would say that female visitors would do well to be content with *a bird's-eye view* of these wonders.

Let them, on leaving the inn, request to be conducted to the "Rural Retreat;" they will have a most agreeable walk to it through a fine shady wood, and they can seat them-

selves in front of the building, with the Great Fall at their feet, pouring out its incense of variegated spray, which it sends up to them in reflected colours. Then let them turn their eyes up the stream, and they will behold the whole body of the river rushing, at one plunge, over another very pretty fall. This, I say, *should* content the ladies, but I well know it will *not*, as in all my sight-seeing excursions I have always found the fair sex more daring and more pertinaciously determined to see every thing than the men. We do not give them half credit enough for this energy of character, and sometimes most unjustifiably denominate it *insatiable curiosity*.

On my return, I sat down to an admirable dinner, consisting of trout, lamb, and mountain mutton, with iced champagne from the house of Manqueton and Co. at Rheims. I sat next a modest and fair American, who was certainly one of the honey-moonians, for

I had met her with her "*caro sposo*" in the most impervious part of the forest. She gave me a most interesting and *naïve* account of the impression that Niagara, from whence she had just arrived, had produced upon her.

After dinner I returned to the Falls, and again reviewed those points which I had most admired in my morning's excursion; and I followed Captain O—— by a very perilous path, which he said led to the bridge, but which soon brought us to the brink of a yawning gulf. I began to ruminate and the captain to sketch, until the approach of twilight warned us to be off.

Major B—— and Captain O—— went in the morning to Boon's Bridge, and gave me a very interesting account of the dangerous path over which they had passed, and which none but themselves have attempted this year. They were told that it is five years since any lady has attempted it.

Captain O—— is a most excellent swimmer; the evening was sultry, and as we walked along the side of this most deceptive river, Major B—— and myself had the greatest difficulty to dissuade him from entering its rushing and destructive stream.

A day spent at Trenton Falls is one which can never be effaced from the memory.

Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Trenton Falls Hotel—Geological Specimens—Log-Huts and hard Cider will carry the day—Tree of Liberty—Journey to Auburn—Erie Canal and Mohawk River—Indian Women—Salt Works at Salina—AUBURN—Bundling narrowly escaped.

Auburn, Sept. 9, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

Never in my life did I quit any place with more regret than Trenton Falls this morning. It is one of those spots which a man falls in love with, and fancies he would be delighted to pass all the remainder of his days there. The situation of the hotel is singularly beautiful: it has a dense wood in its rear, which comes up close to it, and which no sun can penetrate; you have the noise of the rushing waters in the distance

to soothe you; the gardens and shrubberies are delightful; and the tree-covered hills which surround you are now beginning to put on their autumn tints; whilst the variegated contour of the more distant mountains completes the grandeur and beauty of the scene.

Before breakfast I walked to the mill-dam and the pretty little fall formed by it, and watched for some time a sad bungler in the sublime art of Izaak Walton. I regretted at the moment that I had not brought my rod and tackle, that I might have given him a lesson; but one can't do every thing; neither did I intend my tour to be a sporting one: had such been my intention, I might have been present yesterday at the Delafield races, which took place about five miles from Trenton; but the mountain-road to it was execrable, and we all agreed that the wild woods and sequestered dells of Trenton were worth a hundred race-courses.

The very civil and intelligent landlord at the Falls has a most choice collection of the minerals and petrifactions which are found in abundance in the neighbourhood. The specimen which he chiefly values is a trilobite of the largest class, and in a most perfect state, and for which he had been offered 150 dollars; but for the honour of his house he has refused to part with it until he could obtain another. equally large and perfect. It resembles a land tortoise or sea crab, and was found in blasting the rock to widen the path by the side of the river.

Tearing ourselves away from Trenton, we were jolted over a rough road back to Utica, where the worthy hotel keeper, Mr. Baggs, and his family, shook hands with us "*up to the elbows*," with all the cordiality of old friends. This is the fashion in America, and I like it well, when it is followed up, as it generally is, with real attention and kindness.

I believe I have already told you that, from all I see and hear, it is probable that "*log-huts and hard cider*" will carry the day. On our way to Trenton yesterday we were frequently hailed by the jovial militiamen returning "tired with war's alarms," and the cry of one and all was, "Well, gentlemen, who are you for?" "Log-hutites for ever!" There has been a gathering again to-day throughout the country, and I understand that nineteen troops of the red jackets, jack-boots, yellow breeches, long plumes, and white worsted epaulets, will muster at Brookfield to-morrow for a grand review before a General White.

We find the tree of liberty every where planted. The symbol is a cap or wooden globe at the top of a long pole.

Mr. Baggs, the most civil of landlords, and whose claret and champagne are as excellent in quality as they are moderate in cost, informs me that the shooting in this

neighbourhood is good, provided the sportsman will be satisfied with killing partridges, snipe, woodcocks, and squirrels.

At a quarter to four we mustered, "bag and baggage," at the railroad station, and took our places. The Erie Canal and the Mohawk River were still our companions; and, after passing an old fort, we came near the village of Whitestown; from whence I had pointed out to me the Oneida Manual Labour Institute, to which students come from all parts to study agriculture, &c., on a farm of about 115 acres, on the bank of the Sanquoit Creek River. This useful establishment has its chapel, lecture-rooms, library, and reading-rooms.

We again crossed the Mohawk, and saw Rome on our right, where we stopped to put down some fair Romans. Fort Stanwix still stands in its centre, although it is in ruins; the cost of its construction was, I believe, enormous. General Burgoyne sent a force

of English and Indians to attack it in 1777; and here the brave General Herkimer was mortally wounded. A monument was voted to him by Congress, but it has never been erected.

Soon after we left Rome, we crossed the Erie Canal, and, taking leave of our old travelling acquaintance, the Mohawk, arrived at the ancient city of Verona, or rather at an insignificant village of that name, with a glass manufactory in it, where, they tell me, so much glass is blown as sometimes to clear for its proprietor 20,000 dollars a-year. Within half a mile of this place are the Oneida sulphur springs, a fashionable resort in summer.

Three miles farther on we fell in with the Oneida Creek, a great feeder of the Erie Canal; where we stopped for a few minutes, and got out and purchased some curiosities from several smartly dressed and very pretty Indian women. I observed one of this tribe

who had a child in her arms with a crib or shield of wicker-work all round it. There is here a long aqueduct, with a great embankment at each end, to carry you across Oneida Creek valley. Our next halt was at Canastota village—I love the Indian names—and soon after we arrived at Syracuse.

I could trace no resemblance to my Sicilian friend of that name—no fountain of Arethusa—no house that boasted the birth of an Archimedes; although, I admit, few nations bid fairer to produce his equal than this "tarnation clever, whole-hog, go-a-head one!" Nor could I expect to find, in this land of liberty, a Dionysius' ear to be hoisted into. But I beheld what was much better,—the nucleus of a great city, with a splendid site, and stone enough, hewn and collected, to build a second Babylon or Palmyra!

We here had the annoyance of again changing cars, and I took a place in the

rear carriage with the conductor, who gave me much local information. He pointed out the great salt works at Salina: they are close to Syracuse, and the quantity made in 1835 was 2,222,690 bushels! The immense volume of salt water is thrown up like a volcanic irruption on the immediate border of the beautiful fresh-water lake of Onandaga. It is much stronger than sea water, and, upon an average, a bushel of pure salt is obtained from fifty-five gallons.

Whilst I was receiving this and other information, the railroad, or I should rather say we upon it, passed over the Camilus Creek, another feeder of the Erie Canal, which here takes a more northerly direction; and my conductor went on to tell me that the land in the neighbourhood of the lake was exceedingly rich, and had for that reason been formerly selected by the Indian tribes as their great place of settlement and rendezvous; and here the six confederated

nations used to assemble—the Mohawks, Senecas, Oneidas, Onandagas, Cayugas, and Tuscaroras. The works on the railroad in this neighbourhood are magnificent: a mountain has been actually cut down to form it, and it is then carried over a deep ravine by an embankment of great length and at least seventy feet high. The cost and labour must have been immense.

The journey seemed very short, and we soon found ourselves in this large and flourishing town—I beg its pardon, this large and flourishing *city*—of Auburn. When we entered the hotel, which appeared very crowded, we were for the first time requested to "*bundle*," that is, the four of us —all males, however,—would be contented with one sleeping room, in which I presume there would have been four separate beds. In former times the system of bundling extended to huddling men and women together into the same room, with very slight attention

as to the exact number of beds. This, I believe, is no longer the case.

Upon my stepping forward and saying that we were British officers, and unaccustomed to such habits, the landlord, who seemed a fine old chap, was all politeness; he has not only shewn us into separate rooms, but has given us an admirable supper; and we all by one accord pronounce the American hotel at Auburn to be one of the best of the many excellent ones we have met with in this agreeable and most wonderful country; with which the more I see of it, the more I am pleased and astonished. Do not trust to my praise, but come and judge for yourself.

Believe me ever, &c.

LETTER XX.

State Prison at Auburn—Journey to Cannandaigua—Cayuga Village and Lake—Waterloo—Geneva—Religious Sects—High-sounding Names—CANNANDAIGUA—Letters of Introduction.

Cannandaigua,
September 10, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

The business of to-day began by our visiting the vast and interesting establishment of Auburn state prison. The first thing that struck us—probably because we were military men—was the admirable mode adopted to shew where the different guards, sentries, and keepers, were posted. The same plan, I think, might be most advantageously adopted in any large garrison, in time of war,—such as Malta, Quebec, or, our old friend, Gibraltar; or even by

an army in the field, provided it was for a time stationary. The board, upon which an entire plan of the buildings is detailed, is hung up at the entrance of the prison, and the positions of the different guardians and officers were shewn by moveable pegs placed on it, which are of different colours and numbered.

The walls that form the enclosure are thirty-five feet high and four feet thick, and are about two thousand feet in extent: the inner yard is well supplied with water, as the Oswasco Creek flows close to the prison walls, and forms a wet ditch around them. An extensive range of large workshops, well lighted from the sides and roof, is carried all round the interior of the inner yard.

We walked through the various cells, which were clean and wholesome. Mr. Cooke, the director, who was most politely attentive to us, stated that the number of prisoners at present was 663 — a greater

number than my entire regiment; and I only wish I could employ my gallant fellows at their leisure hours as usefully as these were. When we mounted to view the hospital, which was perfection as to cleanliness and comfort, we found that there were only six slight cases in it; whereas I average always thirty in a similar climate; so much for the advantages of industry, regularity, and sobriety.

I have always advocated the German military system; with them the men of each regiment make their own clothing and accoutrements. The saving of expense is immense; but the advantages in discipline and morals are still more important.

One of the attendants, a queer-looking fellow on stumps, attracted our notice. The gentleman who has the medical charge of the prison, informed us that, having committed arson, this man secreted himself in the woods; and, when taken, was so frost-

bitten, that both legs were obliged to be amputated.

In the workshops occupied by the shoemakers, we were shewn a lad, of about seventeen years of age, who had killed his father. This parricide's sentence had been commuted by a humane government from death to perpetual imprisonment. The young man had not a bad expression of countenance; but his forehead was very narrow, low, and ill-formed.

Every trade is here carried on — cabinet-making, shoemaking, tailoring, weaving in all its branches, and some most beautiful specimens of carpeting were shewn to us; saddle and harness-making, with all kinds of blacksmith's and tinman's work — nay, we even saw a locomotive engine nearly complete. All kinds of tools are also made here; and stone-cutters and sculptors were at work.

The discipline of the prison must be ex-

cellent; for although hundreds of felons are armed with deadly weapons, for most of their tools are such, still no danger is apprehended. One keeper, with no weapon but a bit of cane, keeps in subjection one hundred great, stout, ferocious-looking criminals! And although all sit or stand close together, while at their various occupations, no man is ever permitted to hold communion with another, neither at work, nor at meals: at the latter they touch each other; and the tailors and shoemakers, whilst at work, do the same; yet they neither know the crime, the name, nor any thing connected with their fellow-culprit. This enforced silence is the severest part of the punishment. The plan does not extend to the ladies; with them, I suppose, taciturnity and death would be the same thing.

The prisoners work from five in the morning till six in the evening, with half

an hour for breakfast, and the same time for dinner: their supper is served to them in their respective cells, which are admirably constructed; all being open to the front, and are arranged in five distinct stories. Their labour is let out to wholesale dealers or contractors, who allow the government 40 cents per man per diem: at least that is the present contract price.

We left Auburn about mid-day. It is a beautiful and rising city, and contains many fine buildings, a variety of churches, and seven-and-twenty schools. Indeed, schools and churches are abundant every where throughout the States; and I do not believe there is a single male or female adult, who has been born and bred in the Union, that cannot read and write.

Passing through a rich corn and cider country, we saw a mineral spring on the right, near a place called Aurelius; and fruit gardens extended on both sides of the

road, until we reached Cayuga, which is a pretty village on the margin of its beautiful lake. This lovely sheet of water is about forty miles long, and one and a half broad; is full of trout, and has a bridge across it, which is supposed to be the longest in the States, over which we passed.

The inn seemed a most comfortable one; and close to its door was moored a very fine steamer, just about to start for Ithaca, which is called the fourth city of the lakes, and is situated at the head of this beautiful piece of water. Here I would recommend all travellers who have time to spare to halt a few days. We, unfortunately, had none; and therefore, unwillingly passed on through Seneca, another frame-work of a great city which is to be.

In 1827 it had only 265 inhabitants; now there are nearly 4000. It boasts of various flour and paper mills, factories, tanneries, and distilleries; many churches,

four taverns, *six lawyers, and five physicians;* an academy, a newspaper, and a printing-office. Seneca Falls are extremely picturesque: they are formed by the river, which is the outlet to the lake of the same name. Land is here valued at from fifty to seventy dollars an acre; at New Brunswick it can be bought for half a one!

We stopped to dine at Waterloo, another rising, thriving, and pretty village, with fine Grecian built houses and broad streets: all giving indication of the prophetic feeling of the inhabitants, "*that their country is destined to be the greatest and the grandest on the face of the universal earth!*"

Next came Geneva, where, to-morrow, a grand democratic demonstration is to be made: the multitude is to be collected from the counties of Ontario, Wayne, Seneca, and Yates. This place, Geneva, is another proof of the rapid growth of towns: it is called the fifth city of the lakes; is placed on a

beautiful slope; has a fine college, and a fine steamer. Geneva Lake is about thirty-five miles long, and between three and four broad. It has on its banks the towns of Ovid and Dresden; at the last-named place the waters of the Crooked Lake enter the Seneca; and there that female humbug, Jemima Wilkinson, had her farm and her fanatics. But in this fine free country you may do and be what you like.

I am really sick of hearing of the Mathiasites and Mormonites, Jumpers, Shakers, Lynchers, Saturday Saints, &c. &c. A fellow-traveller this day amused us with a description of some of these sects; and told us, as a piece of most important intelligence, that Joe Smith, the Mormonite, and Abner Kneeland, the atheist, were now residing close to each other on what he called the half-breed land, between the Mississippi and Des Moines rivers.

He said that Smith, who was an obscure

individual, with great cunning, asserts that he has the power of discovering hidden treasures by means of mysterious plates sent him from above, inscribed with precepts and prophecies in Scriptural language. This madman gathered together twelve thousand followers, whom he induced to settle on the banks of the Missouri, or Promised Land, where he erected a temple, and established a bank. The bank failed; many of his deluded followers were murdered; and he fled: but enough, and too much, of these frenzied blockheads!

The high-sounding titles of the cities, towns, and villages throughout the Union is a subject of no little amusement to us, as it must be to all travellers in America; and Hector's Town must be added to those I have already named.

The scenery throughout the whole of this region is very pleasing; but Geneva itself, the prettiest of all the lakes, still lacks a

Mont Blanc for a background. It is said that its waters rise and fall once every seven years.

We reached Cannandaigua before dark, and witnessed a most splendid sunset on its lake. The village is long, and well laid out, with fine large gentlemen's seats, surrounded by walls and gardens. The society here is said to be excellent; nor is it wonderful that men of eminence and wealth should seek retirement in this beautiful spot.

As soon as we had established ourselves at an excellent inn, I started off to deliver the two letters of introduction I had received from General Scott; one to the Honourable Mr. Granger, the other to Mr. Greig: the former gentleman was absent; the latter I found; got a hearty welcome, a glass of good wine, rendered doubly agreeable by very pleasant and interesting conversation, some of the most delicious peaches I ever

tasted, and a most pressing invitation to pass the night at his house, and allow my baggage to be sent for. The invitation for the night I declined, but promised to parade myself and my friends at breakfast the next morning; and departed with my pockets crammed with peaches, for the benefit of my fellow-travellers.

Breakfast is a meal which I am not fond of taking out of my own quarters; but I knew the shortness of Capt. O——'s leave, and the anxiety of both my friends to progress: and, therefore, in order to make the most of our time, I promised Mr. Greig to be with him early in the morning.

If a hard day's work entitles a man to a good night's rest, I shall sleep soundly.

Believe me ever, &c.

LETTER XXI.

Cannandaigua—An American Gentleman's Country Residence—Love of Country—Patriotic Innkeeper—The Ladies against Van Buren—Journey to Rochester—Chimneys—American Character—Grecian Architecture and Classical Names—Papineau and the Patriots.

Rochester, Sept. 11, 1840.
Near midnight.

My dear S——,

The village of Cannandaigua is sweetly situated; it boasts of an academy partly endowed by the State and partly by individuals, and has also a seminary for young ladies: both these establishments are in high repute. The whole village is so shrouded in luxuriant shrubberies and magnificent trees, that it reminds one of the seclusion of a cloister! It stands on a

rising ground; the street is a broad one, and made up of a succession of gentlemen's country-seats, all commanding a magnificent view of the Lake.

The weather was delicious; and as Captain O—— and myself betook ourselves to Mr. Greig's hospitable mansion, we both agreed that a prettier resting-place after the toils of active life could not often be met with.

Mr. Greig has been a resident for forty years in the States: his wife and sister-in-law are Americans, well-informed, and agreeable. We were most graciously received, and soon found ourselves assisting at a regular Scotch breakfast, with the addition of most magnificent, highly-flavoured peaches, sliced in cream, a dish by no means to be despised, I can assure you.

The repast ended, we were shewn over the gardens and pleasure-grounds; and a very pressing invitation to dinner was given us, which we declined with regret; for

there was much to have amused and interested us — an excellent library, a choice collection of pictures, a cabinet of fossils, cameos, and coins, an excellent billiard-table, splendid apartments, and hot and cold marble baths. Is not this a pretty comfortable sample of savage life for you?

It is for the honour of bonnie Scotland, that I thus detail to you the splendour of Mr. Greig's princely mansion; for he is a son of the Land o' Cakes, and a most worthy son too; with the love of his native land still warm in his heart: for he pointed out to me with pride and exultation in his beautiful and well-filled flower-garden, *the Whin and the Bracken Bush;* which, he told me, it had cost him time and trouble to rear, and which he was obliged at first to cherish in his greenhouse. Think of this, Caledonia! and let us hear no more of

> "Barren are thy hills, Old Scotia!
> Barren are thy plains!"

For my part, I love to see every man as

fond and as proud of his own country as Mr. Greig and I are of ours. I would have every one exclaim with Sir Walter,

"This is my own, my native land!"

and I respect the Americans for their love of country; and although I smiled at my host at the inn yesterday evening, I liked him all the better for his telling me, that "Cannandaigua was not only the most splendid village in the world, but the most beautiful in the Union;" and afterwards, when I was talking with him about the approaching political meeting at Geneva, and said that I understood a Mr. Smith from Pennsylvania was expected to be the best speaker; he replied, with vast energy and quickness, "I *guess* not, Colonel; *our* James Wright is to speak, and I calculate he is the finest man in the State of York, and that's *our* State, and that's the smartest in the Union."

Mine host gave me some curious anecdotes about Mackenzie the rebel; and said he had refused to secrete him in his house; and described with humour, and I believe with truth, the rows of the sympathisers at this place, Rochester; for it and Buffalo were the very centres of the sympathising interference; which the landlord seemed to hold in the greatest horror and abhorrence. "How," he said, "should we Americans like to be interfered with by the English, as we have stirred up the Canadians, and meddled with their affairs?"

This morning also I had a very interesting political conversation with Mrs. Greig; and take my word for it, my dear fellow, all travellers who are anxious to obtain political information free and undisguised should seek it from the ladies. The moment my two fair friends, Mrs. Greig and her animated and intelligent sister, opened their mouths, I knew it was all up with Van

Buren: they were eloquent in their detestation of slavery; depicted poor Van as wishing to get up a standing army, intending to seize the Treasury, and meditating I know not how many other treasonable deeds.

Soon after Captain O—— and myself had quitted Mr. Grey's hospitable mansion, he very kindly rode down to the inn to repeat his pressing invitation to the whole of our rather large party—for we have increased to seven, having been joined *en route* by a Mr. M——, two guardsmen, whom we voted to be "exclusives" at Trenton Falls, but whom we have found most agreeable companions, and an army doctor, whom we picked up at Saratoga. But *en avant* was the order of the day, and we started at two P.M.

After travelling through a rich, fertile, and beautifully variegated country, we stopped at Victor and at Menden, and passed

through Palmyra: none of these places seemed flourishing; and I note this as a rare exception to the general appearance of the towns we have visited.

When we reached this place, Rochester, and disgorged our luggage at the magnificent hotel "The Eagle," I hurried out to inspect the place. General Scott had particularly called my attention to it, and begged me to mark its rise and progress. In 1813, when he marched through it, it had, he said, only two chimneys. It was vain for me to attempt to count them now; for "increase and multiply" has been the order of the day, and those two nest eggs have produced chimneys enough to afford warmth to 20,000 inhabitants! The shops are excellent, and the size and depth of them extraordinary.

I viewed the Genesee river, which runs through the town; and also the splendid aqueduct which carries the Erie Canal across

it; and took a rapid glance at the magnificent Town Hall. During my ramble I held converse with several of the townspeople, all anxious to be civil and to give me every information in their power.

I told them of General Scott's remark about their chimneys, and of my abortive attempt to number them. There is nothing like knowing how to throw in the "soft sawder." Civility is the "*argent comptant*" of all countries; and if you use it you'll get good interest for your money. I again repeat, and you must bear with the repetition, that a more agreeable, charming, communicative people I have never met with than the Americans.

Don't look for French grimace or kissing Italians; but have a little patience with them, be civil and *undandified*, and you soon find yourself well received and comfortable. I grant there is a little huskiness about their first manner; but that wears off,

and gives place to friendly communication and good fellowship. Also, I will again re-echo the assertion that I have never seen a beggar nor a drunken man; and I have never beheld a rude or forward action. The words "stranger" and "British officer" act as magic, and are a *passe par tout.*

Were I to venture a word of censure, it would be against the affectation of building many of their houses to represent Grecian temples; by which much valuable house-room is sacrificed to galleries and porticoes, and useless display. Their fondness for Grecian, Roman, and high-sounding names for their towns and villages, to the abandonment of the appellations given by the original possessors of the soil—the poor home-bereft Indian—I must also quarrel with. We have already passed through "Syracuse," "Utica," "Greece," "Rome," "Palmyra," "Hector," and even "Ovid!"

But as it waxeth late and I have to be

called betimes in the morning to view the falls of the Genesee river, I shall only tell you that at supper we had a splendid display of beauty; and that since then I have heard nothing but thumping pianos, the warbling of voices, and hearty peals of laughter.

Every one with whom I have conversed, the lower as well as the higher classes, all seem to hold in detestation the "craven Papineau," and their execrations were loud and long against the falsely-named "patriots," and the vile sympathisers.

Good night!

LETTER XXII.

NIAGARA — Night View of the Falls — Anecdotes — Journey from Rochester — Falls of the Genesee — Their Utility has Injured their Beauty — Banks of the River — Ridgeroad to Lockport — No Gambling in America — Its Absence supplied by Speculation — Clarkson — Lake Erie — Lockport — Niagara.

Cataract Hotel, Falls of Niagara,
Saturday Night, Sept. 12, 1840.

MY DEAR S——,

By casting your eye at the date of this letter, you will perceive we have made a glorious day's work; for this morning I beheld the sun rise in all its majestic splendour on the Falls of the Genesee, and this evening I have seen him set in a blaze of refulgent light on those of Niagara!

Niagara! What an event it is in a man's

life to have seen it! and to find that the hopes and anticipations of years are more than realised!

Before my baggage was deposited at the hotel, or a room inquired for, I found my way to the summerhouse, close to the ferry; and gazed, till I was absolutely *entranced*, on the awful rushing of the mighty waters, through all the changes of light until the sun had set. I then walked up by the side of the Rapids, which very nearly drew me into their vortex; for it was now dark, and the ground I was treading was almost on a level with them: and my impatient disposition led me onwards without a guide.

I recollect in my younger days rushing from the Piazza d'Espanja in Rome the moment I alighted from my carriage, that I might have a view of St. Peter's by moonlight. I really had thought that my blood was cooler now; but nobody's blood can be cool at this place if he has a grain of energy

about him: and before I could make up my mind to return to the inn, I found I had crossed the Rapids by an apparently slender bridge that leads to Goat Island, and had wandered I knew not whither.

At length I retraced my steps, got a comfortable chamber and a good supper at this magnificent hotel; and then, with an intelligent young fellow for a guide, returned to glut myself with the glories of Nature.

The effect, when you approach near to the cataract during the gloom and stillness of night, is indescribable; and my guide, fearful, I presume, that I should become too poetical and sublime, took care to interrupt my meditations every now and then with a few mundane anecdotes. He shewed me the leap of Sam Patch, and the little island in the middle of the mighty rush of the Rapids where a man was most miraculously saved. I was told also a frightful story of three recreants of the 93d Regiment, quartered on

the opposite shore; who, having resolved to desert their country and their colours, had the hardihood to face the foaming torrent, and met a dreadful and inevitable death.

Mais il faut recommencer. I must take you back to Rochester and the Genesee; and bring you here again gradually. Before sunrise I turned out and took a walk through Rochester, again viewing the old and new aqueducts thrown across the Genesee, which I also traversed on a fine bridge; walked down St. Paul's Street, and soon found myself opposite the scene of the renowned Sam Patch's last leap in the Autumn of 1829.

Poor fellow! it appears he had mixed too much brandy with his water. It was at what are called the Great Falls that he took his fatal jump: they are ninety-seven feet in height, and he leaped from a scaffold erected twenty-five feet above the Table Rock, over which the Genesee flows; making the total

height from which he precipitated himself 122 feet! He never rose, and his body was not found until the next spring!

I was somewhat disappointed on beholding this celebrated cascade; for the industry of the neighbourhood, by employing the water, had left the ledge the river was wont to leap over almost dry. The pool at the bottom, into which poor Sam leaped, is still there; but a different direction has been given to the river, which is parcelled out into streamlets to turn numerous flour mills; which they say are capable of grinding 12,000 bushels of wheat every twenty-four hours. This robs the river of much of its original beauty; but its rocky bed, the bold outline of the hills, and the new railbridge, with the magnificent city in the back-ground, still make it altogether an extremely fine and interesting picture.

I walked upwards of two miles down the right bank, to near Carthage, or as it is

termed "The Little Fall." The autumnal tints of the maple, shewing both scarlet and crimson of the brightest hue, numerous trees laden with fruit, some yellow, some green, and some red, with birds singing, and lively squirrels jumping about, made this a most charming morning's ramble. About a mile from the city you can descend to the margin of the river; where there is a beautiful meadow and ample shade, well adapted for a pic-nic party; but I *guess* the folks in this "go-a-head" country have no time for such recreations!

On my return I found my friends and fellow-travellers at the inn door with a carriage and four, and my baggage thereon,—an arrangement of which I knew nothing, for the plan of the preceding evening had been that we were to take the railroad at half-past eight for Batavia, and from thence to Lockport. However, they had been coaxed

and persuaded by a coach proprietor to take the ridgeroad, he pledging himself to land them at Lockport by five P.M., and in time for the train to this place, which arrives here at half-past six.

I had now to be coaxed in my turn, and that on an empty stomach. But "ready, aye ready," is a soldier's motto, and I made no demur; swallowed a single cup of tea, and off we started to perform a journey of sixty-five miles over the ridgeroad, and then twenty more to the Falls of Niagara; our coachman having promised to shew us the Falls of the Genesee from the opposite bank to that on which I had been, as well as those of Carthage.

This he did; and when our vehicle halted opposite each, away we all rushed like hungry vultures to devour the beauties of Nature. The fall lowest down, that of Carthage, was very splendid.

Our Jehu kept his word as to time; and rattled us through a perfect garden until within ten miles of Lockport, where it begins to exhibit symptoms of the wilderness; and a squatter's abode or two—General Harrison's real log-huts—were pointed out to us.

The whole country we had traversed was covered with trees loaded with apples, pears, peaches, and plums; and there was corn of all sorts in abundance. We passed through Greece, and changed horses at Parma. The last time I was in a city of that name, I had a curious interview with the celebrated widow of the great Napoleon. Count N——, her gaoler, and afterwards her husband, I used often to meet: the last time I saw him was at Wisbaden, where he was very conspicuous among the high players.

In this country there is gambling, but of a different sort. Men sometimes "go a-head" on nothing, create a credit, dig a canal,

build a steamer, or a bridge, and then break; but, as Pope says,

"Partial evil 's universal good;"

the wilderness is cleared, the country is improved, and money circulates.

We halted at Clarkson, near which there is a very pretty village, some calling it Brookfield and others Sweden — two somewhat dissimilar names — and got fresh horses at Sandy Creek, a trout-looking stream; whilst all along the road are to be seen capital woodcock covers, consisting of alders which grow luxuriantly on moist soils.

Our pace generally was ten miles an hour, the road, a natural, unmacadamised one, being excellent. We changed horses again at Orchard Creek and at Johnstone's Creek; the latter a romantic and sequestered spot. We saw multitudes of black squirrels; and, in addition to the fruits which I have already named, we observed heaps of gourds and

pumpkins piled like the shot and shells in Woolwich arsenal.

We again fell in with our old travelling acquaintance the Erie Canal; which, at Lockport, where we took the railway, is lifted over a mountain-ridge by a series of double locks; and thence it is continued to the village of Tonnawanta, where, by means of a dam, it is connected with the Niagara river opposite Grand and Navy Islands.

Lockport is the capital of the Niagara country, and seems a flourishing place; part of it is built on the low land and close around the basin of the Erie Canal, and part on the mountain-ridge which continues the whole way to Louiston; from which place, according to tradition, the Falls of Niagara have receded; and which we reached in about an hour from Lockport, after passing close to the Devil's Whirlpool, and in time, as I have already told you, to see

old Sol take his departure from this nether world amidst the roaring and rushing of the St. Lawrence on its journey to Lake Ontario, which we saw in the distance as we were whisked along. And now I will take my leave of you for the night, by subscribing myself the most wonder-stricken of travellers, but still your very obedient, humble servant.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIII.

Niagara—View from Point House—Goat's Island—Cataract Hotel—Iris—Horseshoe Fall—Prospect Tower—Rapids—A Sunday devoted to the Worship of Nature's Works—Introduction to General Porter—Delight of seeing Old Scotia's Warriors—Death of Four Soldiers of the 93d Regiment—Animals sent over the Fall—Escape of a Cat—Appearance of the River above and below the Falls—Din of Waters.

Cataract Hotel, Niagara,
Sunday, September 13, 1840.

My dear S——,

The poet tells us "to look through Nature up to Nature's God." I have been doing so through the entire day, and the Niagara page of the Book of Creation is, I will venture to assert, the most awful, sublime, and beautiful, in the whole volume.

I first proceeded to Point House, as it is called, just above the spiral staircase by

which you descend to the ferry, and there remained at least two hours, with my eyes riveted on this surpassing scene of surpassing grandeur. The view from this spot embraces the American Fall and the end of Isis, or, as it is more commonly called, Goat's Island. The commencement of the Horse-shoe Fall is also visible, and the summit of the tower erected in the middle of the roaring surge.

I then crossed over to Goat's Island, where there is a reading and refreshment room, and where a small toll is exacted, I presume to keep in repair the beautiful bridge thrown across the Rapids, and by which you reach it. I also, by means of another similarly constructed bridge, visited Lover's Island in the middle of the Rapids, and on which there is a summerhouse. I then returned to the Cataract Hotel to an excellent dinner, at the barbarous hour of one! The table, which was well covered with the produc-

tions, *erudite* and *elegant*, of a professed French *artiste*, was surrounded by all the beauty of the neighbouring country; for a fine Sunday collects visitors from all parts, who flock hither to shew their devotion to French cookery as well as to the sublimities of Nature.

Dinner concluded, in the usual flash-of-lightning style, off flew the fair worshippers, who were to be seen in groups wandering about till dusk; and off flew I, setting at nought all rules and regulations for digestion, and, again crossing the Rapids, which, by the way, I think more wonderful even than the Falls, I took a path to the right, which brought me to a most magnificent view of the American Fall, which I hung over in rapture, whilst I held on by the branch of an adjoining tree. The bow, produced by the rays of the sun on the spray thrown up from the surge, was perfect and brilliantly coloured.

I then turned my steps in another direction, and, continuing along the outer bank of the island, descended a long, deep, dark, spiral staircase, until I found myself on the margin of the mighty waters with the frowning and projecting rocks high above me. I scrambled on until I was close to the great Horse-shoe Fall, on which, as well as on the rocks I was climbing over, the sun was shining so fiercely, that I really think I should have been burnt to a cinder, had not the spray from the contiguous cataract come to my relief. My broken arm was sadly against me, and I was soon constrained to retrace my steps; and, indeed, I would recommend all sober-minded people not to make this descent, for *it does not pay!*

Ascending into day, I visited the tower, and stood lost in wonder on its top, in the very midst of the mighty rage and roar of the waters. The scene around you is as fearful as it is beautiful.

I next made a tour round the upper part of Goat's Island, from whence you can survey the entire breadth of this stupendous river; which is, I should say, about three miles just above the point where it begins to thunder, foam, and rush down the declivity of the Rapids, as if gathering strength to leap the frightful precipice. All who wish fully to enjoy this wondrous sight should continue their walk entirely round this the northern side of the island, between which and the American shore is the principal Rapid.

The moon, when it arose in all its splendour, found me still unsatiated with the wonders of the scene; and whether this Sunday has been well or ill spent, I must leave to Him to determine, who reads all hearts;—

"Accept, then, O Supremely Great! O Infinite! O God!
From this primeval altar—the green and virgin sod—

The humble homage that my soul in gratitude would pay
To Thee, whose shield has guarded me through all my wandering way."

This morning I presented a letter I had brought from General Scott to a fine old veteran, General Porter, who has a splendid house here. He commanded the American army at the battle of Queenston, as well as at Chippawa. He is extremely deaf, but, barring that, is very agreeable; and his daughter was most amiable and polite. Her husband, Captain Grayson, is the General's aide-de-camp.

As I stood on Prospect Tower, close to the Terrapin rocks, which looked as if the tip of a giant's toe could have hurled them into the abyss, I espied the plumed bonnets, belted plaids, and tartan philabegs of old Scotia's warriors moving about on the opposite bank. The sight of them did my heart good, and gave a new current to my

feelings. There was something soul-stirring in the thought, that whilst I stood on American ground, they were proudly treading on that of Britain, and that the two great countries should have so glorious a barrier between them.

It is melancholy to reflect on the recklessness of soldiers in all countries and on all occasions. I have already mentioned that very recently three privates lost their lives when attempting to desert their colours; and General Porter informed us of a sad occurrence that took place no longer ago than last Thursday. Four of the 93d Regiment, having gone in to bathe at a mill-dam above the Falls, were swept into the Rapids. It was at first imagined that they had deserted, but some ladies happened to observe three of the bodies as they were hurled over the Falls.

Some cruelly disposed persons put a poor fox into a barrel lately to take this appalling

leap, and a reward has been offered for reynard dead or alive, but it has not yet been claimed. Much as I abhor cruel sights, I should have liked to have beheld the vessel sent over some years ago filled with beasts of prey; one of which, a bear, jumped out before the ship approached the cataract, and, struggling amidst the Rapids, reached the shore; and they say a cat once made the terrific plunge, and escaped. It is the only instance on record where this has been done without the loss of life.

Above the Rapids the river looks calm and tranquil; and below the Falls, and within a very little distance, it glides tranquilly along as far as the eye can reach.

The first night I lodged at this splendid inn, I was given, as a compliment, the favourite bed-room of General Scott, whom, by the bye, I have promised to meet at New York; but the din of the mighty waters put sleep out of the question, and I have now

been transplanted to the opposite side of the house, where the murmuring noise, loud though it be, will soon serve me as a lullaby.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

Departure of Sunday Visitors — Praise of America — Excursion to Louiston — Whirlpool — Dancing Trees — Abrupt turns of the River — View of Queenston and Brook's Monument — Niagara, smooth and tranquil — Zacaressa, the old Indian Chief—Emigration of his Tribe—Ill-timed Boasting of an Indian Bravo — The Ladies of the Tribe — Their Coquetry and Cunning — Sulphur Springs — The finest View of the Falls.

Cataract Hotel, Niagara,
Sept. 14, 1840.

My dear S——,

This morning, at least fifty worshippers of Niagara sat down together to break their fast; the viands set before them were first-rate, and so in faith were their appetites. They had been flying about in large coveys last night to feed on Nature's works; to-day, after fortifying themselves with a more sub-

stantial sort of food, they have taken a flight to their respective homes.

Again I must repeat,—for repetition is a pleasure on such occasions,—that having travelled from Boston to Niagara, a distance of upwards of 500 miles, I have, throughout, experienced nothing but civility, marked attention, comfort, pleasure, and hospitality; no political opinions ungraciously intruded upon us; every body anxious to oblige us—good fare, excellent management, capital bedrooms, splendid and commodious eating-rooms, no grasping waiters, no greedy chambermaids, no expectant boots, no unsatisfiable porters; and last, not least agreeable, no beggars nor drunkards to cross your path.

Having resolved to make an excursion down the Niagara river, take a peep into the Devil's Hole, visit the Tuscarora Indians, and view Queenston Heights, we procured a phaeton with a capital pair of

horses. The black driver soon brought us to the Whirlpool, which is formed by a sudden turn in the river, about half-way between Niagara and Queenston; where trees have been known to whirl round and dance for a week; occasionally during this *dervise-like* operation, being drawn under water, and then, after being thrown high in air, falling again into the vortex of the Devil's Hole, and resuming their giddy round.

The river here forms a kind of basin, being met by a high and imposing cliff which turns it off almost at right angles, and it appears to be hemmed in on every side, not being more than ninety or a hundred yards across in one place. This compression makes it fret, and fume, and roar, and turn like a hunted bull. Here you behold it making its angry rounds, and then rushing off in the same grumbling mood as far as the eye can reach; standing, as I did,

on a fragment of rock almost detached from the banks, and only retained in its position by the interlacing of the roots of a large larch-tree.

The banks are upwards of 200 feet high, crowned with forest trees, hemlock, pine, spruce, and other evergreens, intermixed with oak, maple, and chestnut; and the wild grape grows here in profusion. The scene is lovely; and a large rotunda, affording shade and repose, has been erected to induce the lovers of the Sublime and Beautiful to congregate on the spot.

After emerging from the wood and regaining the highroad, a mile farther brought us to another turn of the river; where you obtain a splendid view of Queenston Heights and General Brook's monument, which still rears its triumphant head high in air, notwithstanding the malignant attempts of heartless miscreants, who neither respect the living nor the dead. Here you

behold the soothed and placid Niagara, hushed like a huge baby to sleep, winding its unruffled way to the distant and beautiful Lake Ontario, with Fort George and Fort Niagara at its gorge.

We now turned off to Tuscarora, and made our salaam at the cottage of poor old Zacaressa, the chief of the tribe. His lamp was nearly burnt out; he was bed-ridden, and acknowledged to upwards of eighty summers: his squaw sat by him in wretched silence. This tribe have a considerable tract of ground which they cultivate, although the policy of the American government has lately bought them out, and now *warned them off:* and many of their most active chiefs are at present beyond the great river, seeking for new homes and fresh hunting grounds. This is cruel work on the part of the Americans.

We observed some of their most active young men painted, and with battle-axes in

their hands, and red feathers stuck behind their ears. A powerful-looking chap stepped forward, and earnestly implored us to read a certificate which he held forth in triumph. It stated that he had performed prodigies of valour at the battle of Chippawa, having killed and destroyed all around him, standing *up to his knees in blood*, and afterwards scalping his victims. We looked with horror at the atrocious monster; and, I regret to say, that this infernal document was signed by some American Officer.

When we told him we were English, and upbraided him with taking part against us, the confusion of this crest-fallen champion was extreme; and he slunk off in the most sheepish manner, amidst the jeers and long-continued laughter of his surrounding companions, who enjoyed their comrade's mistake excessively.

We visited several of the huts; and Capt. O —— took the profile of one handsome

squaw, who first looked steady and demure, then coy, and then ran away. We entered a good comfortable house, where there was another very handsome woman with three children; from whom we purchased several nick-nacks, and whose husband had gone westward. And here we had a curious instance of the cunning and coquetting of this race, whose distinction of caste and quality is displayed in the never-failing attribute of small delicately formed hands and feet. We expressed admiration at the beauty of a very gaudily embroidered petticoat which she wore, and a wish to purchase a similar one. She immediately disappeared up a stair; but, before she returned, an old Indian had entered. The instant her eye glanced on the intruder she dropped the finery she was going to exhibit, and became reserved and caustic during his visit, which she endeavoured to make as uncomfortable to him as possible.

We then drove to the inn at Louiston, opposite to which, on the other bank of the river, is Queenston. We walked down to the ferry at this place, and afterwards took a bird's-eye view of the field of battle, and the spot where the ashes of a brave British soldier repose.

On our return we halted at the sulphur-springs, whence the view of the Falls is unspeakably sublime and magnificent. This is the point from which I could wish all travellers first to behold Niagara; but how to bring them hoodwinked to the magic spot is the difficulty.

The evening sun was again shewing the Falls off to advantage. But, I hear you exclaim: "What! another dose of raptures?" No such thing: if my admiration is boundless, my descriptions shall not be so; therefore, at once

Adieu!

LETTER XXV.

Niagara above the Falls—Navy Island—Mackenzie—Tona-wanta—Erie Canal—Black Rock—Buffalo—Regiment of Artillery—Major Zantzinger—Barracks—Parades—Colonel Bankhead—Politics.

Buffalo, "The Queen of the Lake Cities," September 15, 1840.

My dear S——,

I this morning sent my servant and baggage across to the Canadian side of the river, and then got into the railroad carriage and coasted along the right bank of Old Niagara, who now appeared staid, solemn, and grand. Who the deuce could imagine that this quiet, demure, cool-looking gentleman was so soon to be put out of temper, and to play such cantrups by flying, flourishing, kicking, jumping, splashing,

foaming, roaring, and leaping at the rate he does.

Here, at Navy Island, he was all placidity, and more like a millpond than an all-powerful torrent. This said island is situated about 600 yards from the Canadian shore, and is upwards of a mile long and half a mile broad. It is said to have obtained its name from the circumstance of a British fleet having been built upon it for the protection of the Upper Lakes. It is now become famous from the atrocious deeds of that miscreant Mackenzie, whom all good men in America hate and despise; and who had the hardihood to form a provisional government upon it, whilst, at the same time, his amiable coadjutor, Mr. Van Rans-salaer, the son I believe of the general who fought against Brock at Queenston, was organising a military force. This last-named madman — for who but madmen

would have dared

> "To beard the lion in his den,—
> The Douglas in his hall?"

and that in the face of day, and within the lion-grasp of Great Britain,—intended to have fought his way to Toronto, if his confederates had furnished him with the means to land above Chippawa, a village on the Canadian side nearly opposite: but the prompt destruction of the Caroline steamer—meant to be employed in that service, as she had been in others of a piratical nature—put an end to the affair at once; and the Patriots, as they were misnamed, soon after abandoned the island.

We changed cars at Tona-wanta, which is opposite to the north-eastern end of Grand Island; where, as I have before observed, our friend and fellow-traveller, the Erie Canal, enters the Niagara, which is here upwards of eight miles in breadth. When

I say the Erie Canal enters it, I mean that there is a lock which connects the two; but still a dam runs up all the way alongside of it to Blackrock, and is carried up to Buffalo, which renders the canal distinct and independent of the river.

Blackrock stands very nearly opposite the British village of Waterloo, and the *débris* of Fort Erie. Its former activity has been smothered by the rising and flourishing city of Buffalo, which possesses the two-fold advantage of a lake and canal navigation. At this latter place we were safely landed about mid-day, and immediately drove to the American hotel,—a magnificent affair, with its grand cupola, from whence I enjoyed an interesting and splendid view of Buffalo, with its broad streets, numerous spires, and busy population at your feet, as it were; while its vast and beautiful lake is seen covered over with vessels of all descriptions, spreading their white sails to the breeze.

Buffalo has an excellent pier, a safe harbour, and many steamers. It was destroyed by the British in 1814; but, phœnix-like, it has sprung up from its own ashes, and now boasts of a population of upwards of 20,000. It has a large garrison, and a theatre open throughout the year. The attendance and the cheer at this inn are admirable; the rooms superb, and well filled with guests. The commandant of the garrison and his family are living in the house, and dined to-day at the *table d'hôte.*

After dinner I drove to the barracks occupied by the 2d regiment of artillery, and presented a letter furnished us by General Porter's aide-de-camp and son-in-law, Captain Grayson, to Major Zantzinger; who most kindly and politely shewed me round the barracks, which were neat, clean, and well arranged. He entered into a detail of the manner in which the American soldiers were paid, clothed, and fed; they certainly

seemed well lodged and comfortable. I was then presented to his amiable lady, a native of Louisiana, who was pretty, sprightly, and unremitting in her attentions. She had her two beautiful children brought in—born in that grave of the American army, that fatal bone of contention, the Floridas. She and they, however, appeared to be entirely recovered from the noxious effects of the climate. I was pressed to spend the evening with this kind-hearted and very agreeable couple; but I was forced to decline doing so.

In the evening I attended the parade. Their system of carrying on all parades seems good. As soon as it is reported formed, the senior officer steps to the front. The reports are collected; and if no superior arrives before the last roll of the drum, the parade proceeds. Should any senior officer arrive after that time, it would be reckoned an uncourteous act in him to take the command. This etiquette, how-

ever, does not extend to the colonel. Thus a parade waits for no one; and the trooping and retreat beating takes place at the specified hour. Great form seems to be observed in dismissing a parade. The officers, by order, leave their respective places in line, and assemble in front: then march up, whilst a quick step is played, to the commanding officer; then halt, and respectfully salute him before breaking off. The effect of all this is very good.

On my return to the hotel, I spent the evening with Colonel Bankhead, the colonel of the regiment, as well as the commandant of this frontier district; and a more straightforward, hearty, frank, intelligent soldier I have seldom met with. His beautiful and engaging daughter, with the whitest and smallest hand I ever beheld — a Georgian brunette — rendered this agreeable evening still more delightful by her presence; and good-humouredly permitted her honoured

sire and myself to smoke cigars and suck mint juleps; whilst I listened to his manly and honourable opinions about Sir George Arthur, the acts of his own government, and the manner he had endeavoured to deal with the wretches whom he had detected trying to involve the two countries in war. I was greatly pleased to find that his opinions were an echo of what General Scott had so repeatedly and emphatically stated to me.

Colonel Bankhead, who commands under the General, gave me most ample proof of the correctness of every thing he advanced: and of this I am firmly convinced, that so long as the military command is in the hands of men as honourable as the two I have named, we have nothing to apprehend from the ruffians and wretches who, whilst they call themselves Patriots and Sympathisers, are labouring only to stir up the evil passions of their deluded followers.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

Military Details at Buffalo — Parade Business — Review — Attention to the Comforts of the Soldier — Powers of Commanding Officers — Daily Court-Martial—Advantages resulting from it—Liberality of the American Government to her Defenders — Strength of the United States' Regular Army — Militia Force — The Union too extended to endure—Colonel Bankhead—Banks of the Niagara—Navy Island—Fort Schlosser—Major Zantzinger—Kentucky Manners — Bowie Knife — Sicilian Bravos — Ground of the Quarrel — Crossing the River below the Falls — Still Water — CANADA — 93d Foot — Stragglers — Race — Want of Decorum in a Lieutenant beating his Commanding Officer — Whist on Board-ship — Lundy Lane — Canadian Inns *are not* American Inns.

Clifton Hotel, Falls of Niagara, Canadian Side, September 16, 1840.

HERE I am, at length, my dear S——, on British ground. My progress has been as

follows: — after breakfasting at Buffalo, we walked up to the barracks, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, where we found Colonel Bankhead mounted on a fine old white charger, and saw him received with all the honours of a reviewing general. The line, with a half battery of artillery on its right, presented arms, &c.; and after he had ridden up and down it in the usual manner, it broke into open column right in front, but not by facing about, or wheeling backward, but by each company facing to its right, and then right-wheel round their respective markers, and then halt front. They next marched past in slow time, the officers saluting by dropping their swords, but not touching their caps; and I thought it had not so graceful and military an effect as our mode.

The column was again halted on their original ground, formed line, again broke into column as before, and passed in quick

time; the half battery galloping past. They then performed a variety of parade movements. Their words of command are prolix, and their style of movement not so compact as ours, being generally file marching; although I admit they were well *locked up*. Their system is taken almost entirely from the French. The guns were admirably manœuvred.

They then marched out to an open space in front of their barracks, and went through a variety of evolutions, covered by the brigade of guns. Their firings were steady and excellent; and the men were taught to level *very low*.

When they were dismissed, we accompanied the colonel round the barracks. Every thing appeared clean, comfortable, and admirably arranged.

Each company has a store-room, which is also the quarters of their colour-serjeant, and where every kind of necessary is kept.

They dine in their mess-kitchens, which are clean, large, warm, well-ventilated rooms. We tasted their soup, bread, and meat; each excellent of its kind. Their pay, clothing, and food, are all on the most liberal principle. Many of the companies had well-chosen libraries; and there was a sutler's store, where a soda fountain and other harmless luxuries are kept for the men, and where each man has the liberty of having a credit account to a certain extent, which is paid by the paymaster monthly: but this only under the proviso, that the officer in command of the company to which he belongs has no charge against him for extra clothing or repair of arms, &c.

One dollar per month is stopped from each private's pay for the first two or three years of his service: this operates as a great check on desertion. The accumulated sum is handed over to them when they obtain their discharge, even if they do not complete

the prescribed period of service, which is five years.

"The commanding officer's power of punishment, without court-martial, is very limited: but no disadvantage is found to result from this; and the most laborious and distressing part of his duty, in the shape of orderly-room legislation, is rendered easy, by having a daily court-martial, composed of the captain of the day, the officer on guard, and the next in waiting; the proceedings of which are submitted for approval to the commanding officer. The hospital also has every appearance of being well and systematically conducted.

As I have before remarked, the government of America treats her defenders most liberally, and takes the greatest care of them. The colonel commanding has extra pay and double rations, with forage for four horses; and each major has forage for three. I was introduced to all the officers, and received

the greatest attention and civility from them. I afterwards accompanied Major Payne, the senior major, to the exercising ground: he was on the sick list, having lately returned from Florida. I found him a fine intelligent old soldier, and received from him much valuable information connected with the internal economy of his corps and the Florida war.

The United States regular army consists of two regiments of dragoons, four of artillery, and eight of infantry, making a grand total of 735 commissioned officers and 11,800 noncommissioned officers and privates. With this force they have to garrison sixty-four military posts and arsenals!— that is to say,— in the eastern division, which extends over the immense tract of country I have already mentioned, there are thirty-seven forts or castles, and three barracks or establishments not fortified; and in the western district, one range of barracks,

nine forts, and fourteen arsenals! The eastern division is General Scott's command; and he has his head-quarters at Elizabeth Town.

You will say this is a *somewhat* small force for so respectable a slice of the habitable world as the United States. True! but then you must be pleased to add a *few* militia men, to the number, viz. *sixty-seven thousand* commissioned officers and *one million three hundred and twenty thousand seven hundred and thirty-three* noncommissioned officers and privates!! Union is strength, and this is strength with a vengeance! — twenty-six states and three territories, as they call them — but will it last? Free states and slave states, will they continue to pull together? I say, No! the Union is unnatural, and cannot last.

The review over, we all assembled in Major Zantzinger's quarters, where his amiable lady did the honours with much

grace, ease, and affability; and where all kinds of good things were pressed upon us.

The colonel drove me afterwards to the hotel, where our dinner-table was honoured with the presence of himself and his beautiful daughter, his adjutant, and Major Zantzinger: the latter officer having agreed to accompany us back to Niagara. The hospitable colonel treated us to a stirrup-cup in brimmers of champagne; and we took leave of our warm-hearted friends, much pleased with our trip to Buffalo.

We again skirted along the banks of the sleepy, sluggish-looking, *gentle* Niagara!— one really could have thought a child might play with him — till we passed Navy Island, and approached Fort Schlosser, a kind of stockade erected by us in the war of 1756 and 1759. Here the land conveyance to Queenston begins,— here the Caroline was lying when she was attacked,— and here the Rapids begin. Major Zantzinger, a fine

open-hearted, rattling, mirth-making soldier, amused us by a recital of his campaigns in this neighbourhood: he was also at Stoney Creek, the scene of glory of my valued friend, Sir John Harvey.

On our landing from the cars at the village of Niagara, a Kentucky scene presented itself, the first we had witnessed. We observed a tall, robust youth, with a pallid hue and a heavy eye, trembling with passion: his head was bleeding; and he had a bowie-knife in his hand, the handle and part of the blade of which he displayed from under the sleeve of his coat, the usual resting-place of this instrument, exactly as the Sicilians carry them. Now I would tell all Kentucky men, that it is a cowardly, disgraceful weapon to carry, and that they should scorn to put themselves on a level with those Sicilian knaves, whom I have heard exclaim, "*Cosa volete, Signor? Io son codardo!*" and then with a dignified

air, adding, "*E mio padre era codardo!*" What a descent to be proud of!

The quarrel arose, as I understood, from this athletic-looking traveller, fresh from the wilds of Kentucky, being pestered by one of the *catering cads*, who was anxious to get him into the toils of his employer; for you are sadly badgered in some towns by the number of hand-bills thrust into your face, and the bellowing in your ears, as was now the case, "Who's for Kingstown?—Who's for Queenston?—Who's for Ontario?—Who's for Oswego?" &c.; for every coach, rail-road, and steam-boat employs a procurer!

This gallant son of freedom had been put out of temper by such pestering; and thought to frighten away a mere stripling of a lad by displaying the end of his bowie-knife; but the young functionary, nothing daunted, rushed at his threatener, struck

him a violent blow, then hurled a stone at his head, inflicting a severe wound, and suddenly concluded his attack by rushing behind him and kicking him. The bowie-knife would probably soon have revenged all this; but the crowd fortunately interfered, and led off the wounded and indignant Kentuckian. Had such a cowardly weapon been exhibited in England, the bearer of it would have stood a good chance of being torn in pieces.

Taking leave of Major Zantzinger, who went to visit his friend Captain Grayson, but promised to be with us at breakfast the next morning in order to see the 93d Highlanders at drill, we walked to Point House, and took a parting glance from the American side of the river: but I will be merciful, and not inflict a single word of raptures upon you. We then descended the spiral staircase, and got into a boat rowed

by a single man, in which several passengers had already taken their seats, and crossed directly under the impetuous falls, and yet in tranquil water, and with perfect safety; a complete equilibrium being produced by the counteraction of the various currents and eddies, caused by the enormous mass of falling waters. On landing, I left Major B—— to stand sentry over our baggage; and passing a Highland guard mounted the zig-zag, often turning back to view the magnificent scene, for here the eye takes in at once the whole extent of the Cataract.

I found my little lad expecting me, and sent him with a house-servant to the Major's relief; and then started off to see my kilted countrymen at drill.

I had some conversation with a couple of stragglers belonging to the band, who told me there had been a race in the morning between the Colonel and a Lieutenant; the

Lieutenant very improperly beating his commanding officer. Almost as bad as the officer of marines on board-ship venturing to trump the captain's king, to the unutterable horror of the first lieutenant! I inquired the name of the offender, when they said, "That's him coming yonder!" and a very gentlemanly-looking youth in plain clothes passed me: upon which Donald exultingly exclaimed, "He's the son of a great Parliament man; he's the son of Sir Andrew Agnew, baronet!" I might have claimed country-cousinship with him, and I now regret I did not; for I do not know a single soul in the regiment; and after all the kindness of our Buffalo friends, I shall be thrown out, if I cannot contrive to do the honours to the American major.

I now inquired my way of an old artilleryman to Lundy Lane Barracks; he informed me that my old friend Colonel Fre-